YACHTING

VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER IV APRIL, 1918 25 Cents a Copy $2.50 a Year

Off the Course In a Gale

The Fierce Joy of Battling with Mountainous Seas as the Craft Rolls and Plunges Before the Driving Blast of Wind, Is an Experience Rife with Fascination and Charged with Apprehensive Dread.

By WILLIAM RAOUL, Master and Owner of the Schooner M. A. Baston

"LAND ahead! Land dead ahead, sir!" The words sent a thrill through every heart on board. An ominous thrill. The little schooner had logged about five hundred miles Sou'-East from Savannah, Georgia, and was rushing through the heavy seas under fors'l and stays'l, with the wind just over the port quarter. I had not seen the sun for two days, and reckoned my position due North from Watling Island in the Bahamas, and 150 miles from it. The gale had been steadily increasing during this time, and now the seas were boarding us occasionally, and it was ticklish business to bring the vessel up by the wind.

"Land ahead! Land ahead!"

At the shout from deck, I came from the galley where I had gone for a snack.

And land I found. Some five miles ahead stretched a low white beach barring our way. Something like a lighthouse could be made out, and the warning white foam of the surf rose under the sullen afternoon sky as far as the eye could reach on either hand. I went below and had my seasick wife put on a cloak and life belt, and brought her to the companion. She had not been on deck since the gale began, and looked with terror on the huge tumbling seas, and then ahead on the silent threatening white beach.

For a tense fifteen minutes we held our course for a better sight of how to escape. Then the fore peak was lowered and we jibed her, to sheer off to the westward. Every eye was strained to see if we could weather the beach, and the little schooner was put over as far as she would go with safety. This made her take the seas even heavier than before. Solid water would come leaping over the weather rail and rush angrily about the after deck a foot deep or more. Then she would roll until her lee rail was buried in a smother of foam.

Cusa, the Cuban, was at the wheel, and Cusa was a good helmsman. But one sea struck us which was too much for even his quick and steady hand. It slewed the little ship clear back on her former course, and jibed the fors'l without warning. It came over with a bang, and carried away the goose-neck, which attaches the boom to the mast. I was below, studying my chart at the time. Coming on deck, I had the fors'l lowered and ordered the storm trys'l set. During this time we had to let her run off due South again; but we seemed to be clearing the land. Now it was dusk, and suddenly a beacon light shone out just abaft our beam. Another hurried study of the chart below, and then I breathed easier, for I felt reasonably certain that this was Egg Island; and with the light in that position we could clear the western end.

Soon the trys'l was rigged, and after it was up, I hauled the schooner squarely up on the wind. Between the risk of foundering or of going ashore, I accepted the former. But before doing this, I had the dory lifeboat hauled over to windward, and by this time all hands had on life belts. But she didn't founder. One or two heavy buffets that made us shudder, and then we were heading up with the weather on our starboard bow, and making a course which should clear us of all land, provided that my reckoning of position was correct. Provided! Provided is a big word when it means life or death. How I studied that chart! measured the distance run, and laid out our present course from every possible beacon light which we might have made.

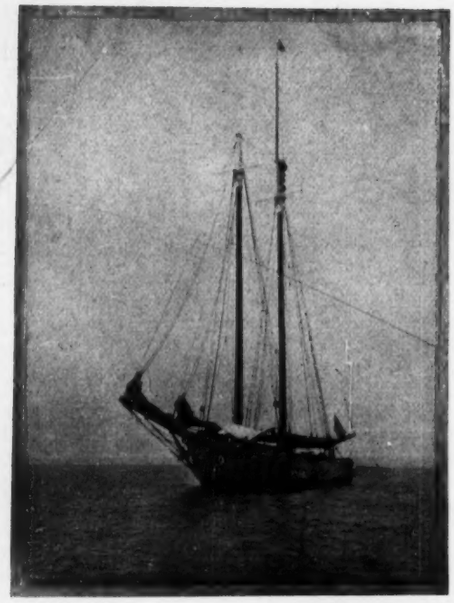
Cusa, who was familiar with these waters,

CAPTAIN RAOUL IN SHORE TOGS

was below for consultation. He leaned over my shoulder as I knelt in front of the cabin table. The lamps swung and sputtered. The water dripped about the little cabin, and as each sea boarded us, we could hear it rushing about the decks demanding an entrance. Another and less skillful hand was at the wheel. Then the shock of a heavier wave! This time it leaped clear of the bulwarks, and struck the frail little wife fairly on the breast as she sat in the companion. A cry from the deck brought me up, and Mrs. Raoul was handed down the steps, dripping and stunned and bewildered. The sea had borne her down, and battered her about from one bulwarks to the other. She saved herself by wrapping her legs around the binnacle as she struck it.

One more thrilling moment was destined to occur that night, and shortly after the first. The vessel shipped a heavy sea. I clutched the wheel from the helmsman, and as she was recovering, a second wave put her almost on her beam ends. The whole lee rail was under the sea in a smother of white foam. For a moment it seemed that our time had come, and that the brave little vessel must founder. I shouted, "Margaret! Margaret! Come on deck, for God's sake, quick!" But she could not come. A bag of signal flags had fallen across the companion, and jammed the cabin door. Again we righted, the door was opened, and again we drew freer breath and faced the vigil of the dark night and rushing waters, with thehumming of the gale in the rigging.

Not being certain of our position, and near shores unguarded by beacon lights, there was a constant danger of going suddenly on the rocks and this danger was the more difficult to foresee, as in these waters you are almost always out of sounding depth until you strike. For this reason, the life belts were kept on, and every arrangement made to instantly abandon ship. The tense anxiety was heightened by the intermittent surges of the boarding seas. There is something about the sound of rushing water about the decks which tries the nerves after a while. When a wave comes on board, it does not escape immediately, but dashes from side to side, loosening chests and cargo, rushing and roaring about in demanding tones. And the wetness of things! The water drips and dashes, and



THE SCHOONER M. A. BASTON IS A FAST AND SEAWORTHY LITTLE SHIP AND FROM HER LINES IT IS NOT HARD TO GUESS THAT SHE WAS FORMERLY A GRAND BANKS FISHERMAN

forces its way through hatches and tarpaulins and port holes until it seems to be as much inside as outside of the vessel. All our clothes and blankets and mattresses were drenched, and I bored holes through the cabin floors to allow it to escape the more easily.

One picture, seen in the gloom of the night, I shall not forget. Saul, the patient and faithful, leaning on the pump brake. Passing him once, I said, "Saul, take a rest, you don't have to stick as close by the pump as that." "No, Cap'n," came the reply, "I don't mind, sir, and if we should spring a leak, I want to be right here."

The cool determination and steadfast service of my crew was all that could be desired. They were all more anxious about "The Missus," as they affectionately called Mrs. Raoul, than of their own lives. The Mate assured her again and again that no matter what came, she would be cared for. I carry an all colored crew, and can here pay a tribute to the high courage and faithful service of that much maligned race.

Daylight! God's own sun rising out of the troubled waters! No one had slept that night, and poor Cusa had worked a double watch at the wheel.

Six or eight miles to leeward we sighted land. A light-house. This I took for, and it proved to be, Great Stirrup Cay. At about eight o'clock, a big English steamer was sighted, bearing almost on us and heading westward. I wanted to ask my position, so flew the ensign upside down at half mast. The steamer held her course, and passed us a half mile away. Frantic waving of a sheet and dipping of the distress signal was of no avail.

The gale was slightly abated, and I decided to lay to rather than attempt Nassau, the nearest harbor I knew of. But shortly after noon the Mate and Cusa came to me and urged that I run for that harbor. They pointed to the gathering clouds and predicted a sea that night in which the schooner could not live. My wife sat in the companion and listened with dread to the discussion between the Mate and myself. I urged that to attempt a dangerous unknown harbor on a lee shore in the night before a gale would be worse than facing the storm in the open sea. The Mate and Cusa both maintained that even that were the lesser of the two dangers. It was against my own judgment, but I decided to trust theirs, and so wore away and headed back around Stirrup Cay at 2:30 in the afternoon.

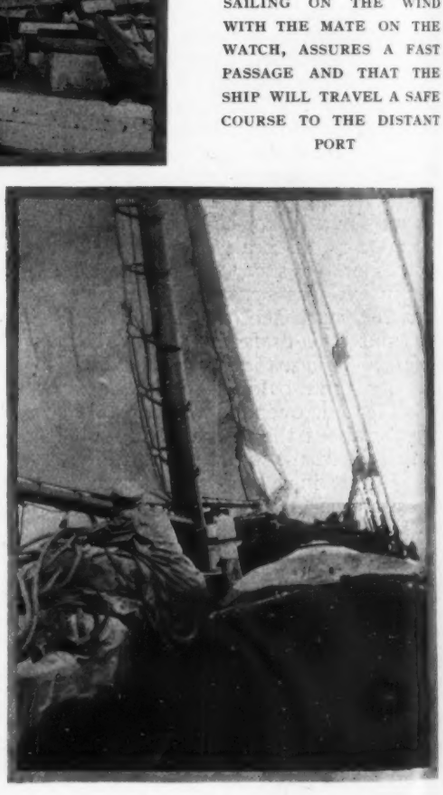
That was a trying night. Heading toward a strange harbor on a lee shore in a howling gale and heavy sea is a dangerous proceeding. But at sea, danger must be faced. At ten that night I held the wheel with Saul forward on watch. We had put Great Stirrup light under, logged 15 miles from it, and eased our sheets to bear on Nassau. The lead showed me out of soundings, and I felt reasonably secure. "Captain" Saul was at my side. "Is dat land or is dat water?" I looked to leeward and saw low lying black broken reefs. They were probably three miles away, but looked close enough to put your hand on, and wicked and dark enough to have been the devil himself in waiting.

I stood the ship up on the wind, called all hands on deck, and anxiously consulted my log and chart and lead line. We had nine fathoms, and the chart showed these keys. We were just a few miles nearer than I had figured, that was all.

Daylight found us out of sight and soundings, and making little headway and lots of leeway. I put the reefed fores'l on her, and stood up as high as possible, so as not to miss Providence Island. My log showed me due at Nassau at noon. But at noon nothing but tossing seas ahead could be sighted. The sun came out then, and I caught a sight. Just as I had worked it out, showing my position within a few miles of Nassau,

(Continued on page 203)

ON THE DOCKS AT NASSAU THE VISITING YACHTSMAN VIEWS A VARIED FLEET OF SAILING CRAFT AND THE PICTURESQUE ATTIRE OF THE NATIVES LENDS INTEREST TO THE QUAINTNESS OF THIS OLD SOUTHERN PORT



SAILING ON THE WIND WITH THE MATE ON THE WATCH, ASSURES A FAST PASSAGE AND THAT THE SHIP WILL TRAVEL A SAFE COURSE TO THE DISTANT PORT

Going Into Commission

As Many Men Find Pleasure and Satisfaction in Overhau'ing Their Own Yachts, a Few Practical and Timely Suggestions on How to Overhaul the Hull of Sailing Craft and a Few Hints on Putting the Motor in First Class Shape Are Here Briefly and Clearly Mentioned

By STILLMAN TAYLOR

FITTING out the small yacht to put it in ship-shape condition for the season is every year undertaken by the skippers of many small boats and as many men find recreation and a great deal of satisfaction in overhauling their own little ships, there is no reason why the new hands at the yachting game cannot do this work and do it well. As the major part of the labor involved in putting a boat into commission consists in cleaning, painting and making a few small repairs, any yachtsman who will take time enough to do each part well will succeed in turning out a very creditable job, and effect a substantial saving by thus making good use of his spare time.

The work of overhauling should begin on the first sunny days of early spring by removing the canvas or board housing. If canvas is used to protect the craft, roll it up and bundle up all boards and stow them away where they may be quickly found at the end of the season. The boat should now be thoroughly cleaned, but to avoid unnecessary labor it is a good plan to clean up the ship as the work of painting progresses, otherwise much of it will have to be done over again. All loose dust is easily brushed out but to make the craft clean for painting, the old surface should be well scrubbed with plenty of water in which a little washing compound has been dissolved. This will cut and remove all grease and dirt and make a nice foundation to apply the paint. A good painting job cannot be done unless the surface is clean, and this part of the work should not be neglected. Cleaning should extend down to include the bilge, and while at work here do not forget to clean out the limber holes so that the bilge water may quickly drain to the pump. That the pump may be put in working condition, the strainer should be cleaned and the intake looked after to see that no bits of string, paper or other chaff have worked through the strainer and lodged in the intake pipe.

Repairs are more conveniently made before painting and the entire boat should be looked over and any needed repairs made at once. By doing this necessary work before launching, the appearance of the craft is not marred by patching which always shows conspicuously when done later on.

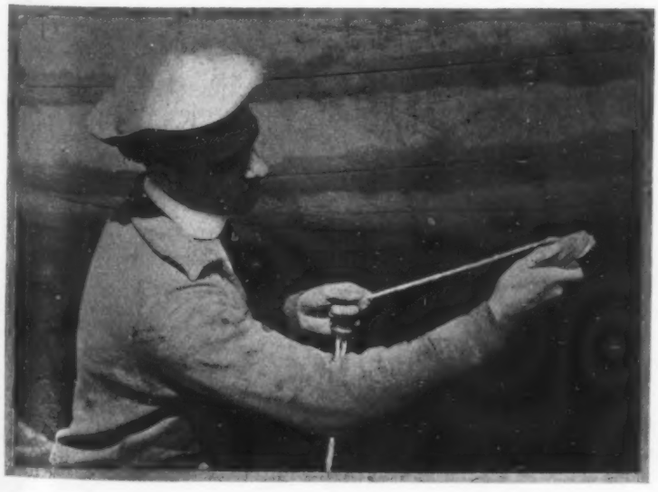
Painting and varnishing comprise the largest part of the work of getting the boat ready, and to do a really good job three essentials must be considered—good paint, good brushes and a clean foundation.

Good brushes are necessary to turn out a smooth painting job and the amateur should not attempt to do the work with cheap brushes. For general outside painting a 4 and a 2-inch flat wall brush and a couple of sash brushes for cutting in corners and for mouldings and and other small work will be needed, while a flat 4-inch brush should be used exclusively for the copper bottom paint. For varnishing, a 2 or 3-inch beveled-edge varnish brush will be convenient. All brushes should be of good quality, long and thick in the hair and well ferruled. The best brushes are those of grey and white mixed hair. The black bristle kinds are cheapest but more likely to be thinner in the hair. For painting moorings and other rough work almost any cheap brush may be used. To prevent shedding hairs on the work, all brushes should be soaked in linseed oil before using. This will swell the wood and tighten up the bristles, and by working the brush a few times over the edge of a board any loose bristles will work out. As a good brush will last for several seasons it will pay to look after them. Do not let the bristles dry full of paint, but wash out a brush when through with it in kerosene, shake dry and wrap in paper.

For inside painting a good white enamel paint affords the best cabin finish and one that can be kept easily clean. Some boat shops mix their own paints, but the amateur will find it cheaper and more satisfactory to buy a good brand of ready-mixed paint. As all enamel paints carry a large amount of varnish and dryer they dry quickly and are rather more difficult to brush smoothly. To apply enamel smoothly it must not be too thick and pasty but thinned down to brushing consistency with pure turpentine. Never use oil for this thinning, as it will give the white a yellow tinge, and do not use more turpentine than necessary as excessive thinning will cut the high gloss finish. For spreading enamel paints a good beveled-edge varnish brush is the best tool. Should it be necessary to apply more than one coat to make a good surface, the old wood may be first given two coats of ordinary inside white paint which will make a fine foundation for applying the enamel.

Before painting the outside of the craft there will probably be much cleaning up to put the surface in good condition. If the boat has been well cared for and kept covered during the winter, the outside work will consist in smoothing up the hull and touching up all rough and bare spots. Fill up dents and cracks with white lead and putty and if the paint has peeled away to expose the wood, smooth down the edges with sandpaper and prime the wood with paint.

As old painted surfaces may be found pretty rough the old paint should be burned or scraped away to give a smooth foundation.



THE SEAMS OF BOATS THIRTY-FIVE FEET AND UNDER ARE BEST FILLED WITH COTTON CANDLE-WICKING AND THE CAULKING-WHEEL IS THE BEST TOOL TO USE

This is hard work but may be made less laborious by using one of the liquid paint removers. This is brushed on with an old paint brush and in a few minutes the old paint and varnish will soften up so that it may be readily removed with the scraper. The gasolene torch is an effective way to remove old paint, but the knack of handling the hot flame is rather more difficult, and the liquid remover will prove the most satisfactory for the amateur.

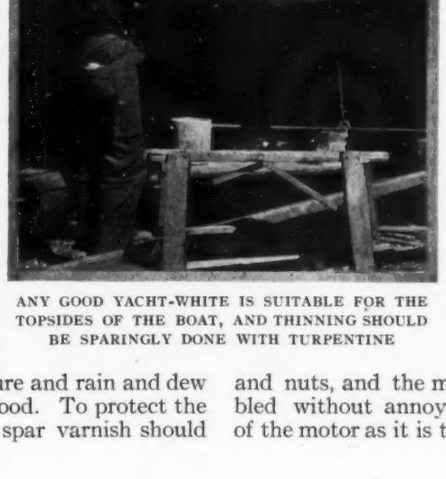
For scraping the regulation triangular-blade scraper may be used but a better form of tool for the small craft is the hoe-shaped scraper. This and the regular cabinet scraper will be found handy for the amateur. As the work of scraping progresses a few minor repairs will very likely be discovered. Nails occasionally work up and need resetting and if the boat is a new one the edges of the planks may have swelled to form unsightly ridges, and these angles should be rounded off with a plane. The hull is now smoothed up with sandpaper, using a coarse quick cutting number like No. 2 or 1½ for the first roughing in and finish with finer paper.

ALL HOLES, DENTS AND HOLLOWS SHOULD BE PUTTIED UP SMOOTH

Caulking may be found necessary if the craft is some years old and for small yachts candle-wicking and caulking cotton is the most suitable material. Oakum is entirely unsuited for small craft and is only used in packing the seams of heavily planked boats. A caulking wheel will be found a handy device for running in the wicking or cotton if much work has to be done, but a stiff bladed case knife will prove handy where but a few seams are to be caulked. To make a good job, the old caulking should be removed and the seam cleaned out. For the seams of thin'y planked boats candle-wicking is the best and this material can be used for caulking boats up to forty feet. In caulking the amateur should avoid the common mistake of using too much force in driving the caulking in and not to fill the seam too full. To make a tight seam the bottom should be well packed with the caulking, leaving a space of $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch for puttying up later. After caulking the seam should be pointed up by brushing with white lead and when this has become partly dry the seam is filled with putty to make a smooth hull for painting.

The topsides of the hull are painted before the bottom and for this any good brand of yacht-white will prove satisfactory. Only first class paint should be used on a boat, and the ordinary house paints will not prove durable. In choosing the paint many amateurs are inclined to choose an outside enamel, which while attractive so far as the high gloss is concerned, these hard drying paints are likely to crack and peel under hard service. For the skipper who does much of the overhauling work himself, a high grade turpentine paint has many advantages. A good turpentine paint is more flexible and rubs off just enough in washing down the craft to keep the surface always smooth. This prevents any considerable accumulation of hard layers of paint, which must be scraped or burned off every two or three years in order to keep the hull smooth. All yacht paints should be thinned only with pure turpentine, and only enough to brush out well. In case the old paint has been scraped off down to the wood the bare spots should be first given a priming coat, before the whole craft is painted. For painting decks, cabin tops and seats, which are subject to hard wear, the paint should be thinned with oil to prevent it from rubbing. Three coats of paint may be necessary to give a smooth white surface on the hull, while two coats will probably suffice to thoroughly protect other parts of the little ship.

Varnishing bright work cannot be well done unless the discolored wood has been scraped clean and all old varnish removed. With the aid of a chemical paint and varnish remover the old shell of varnish is softened and is easily scraped away. For oak and spruce which has been discolored one or two applications of Oxalic-acid solution will prove an effective bleach. Dissolve the acid crystals in hot water to form a saturated solution and brush over the wood with an old paint brush. After using the bleaching solution wash off with vinegar and water and scrub again with pure water. In scraping bright work it is a good plan to get only as much of the wood work in shape as can be varnished the same day, otherwise the wood will absorb moisture and rain and dew will again discolor the wood. To protect the wood only a first class spar varnish should be used on a boat, and to spread well and prove durable the varnish should be brushed on while warm and a sunny day should be selected for doing this work. At least two coats of varnish are needed to keep the wood bright and many careful sk ppers brush on three coats.



ANY GOOD YACHT-WHITE IS SUITABLE FOR THE TOPSIDES OF THE BOAT, AND THINNING SHOULD BE SPARINGLY DONE WITH TURPENTINE

The bottom of the boat is painted with copper paint after the topsides have been finished. Any good anti-fouling bottom paint will prove satisfactory and two coats are usually brushed on. As the topsides are finished the water-line may be struck by means of a long battern strip similar to the strips used in constructing lattice work. With the help of a friend the battern is bent to conform to a section of the water-line curve, and after this has been scratched, the battern is shifted to take another section of the curve and so on until the whole water-line is marked in. Many skippers cut in the water-line by making a narrow groove with the tang of a file. This makes it easy to paint up to the line cleanly from stem to stern and the line is easily followed from year to year.

The rigging of sailing craft should be closely examined and especially the bights of all ropes where the greatest wear and strain comes, as in splices and serving. Rawhide covers and waring snoods should be replaced wherever found worn and when the standing rigging is in fair shape it may be set up end for end to give another season's service. The running rigging, such as halliards and sheets, should be prudently renewed each year, and the old ropes used for other purposes.

THE motor requires good care and to give its full power with a minimum of trouble, it is important to put this part of the motor-yacht in good condition when the craft is launched. To make a thorough job of it the power-plant should be cleaned, lubricated and readjusted and the best way to do this is to knock the motor down. After dismantling the magneto, carburetor, fuel, water and lubricating pipes, the cylinders may be taken off. In doing this precaution should be taken to lift the castings off the pistons in a straight line to avoid any possibility of springing the connecting rods. By keeping all parts of each unit together, there will be no mixing up of small screws and nuts, and the motor is quickly assembled without annoyance. Clean each part of the motor as it is taken down, not forget-

ting screws and all small parts. The cylinders should be thoroughly cleaned of any carbon deposit, by soaking in kerosene if but little has accumulated or scraping off the hard scale of any considerable accumulation. The use of one of the chemical carbon removers will lessen this labor.

To prevent any loss of compression the cylinders should be marked and before disconnecting the pistons these should also be marked with a file scratch or punch so that cylinders and pistons may be assembled in the same positions. Examine the piston rings for blow-marks and if black sooty streaks are found this indicates that the gas is blowing past the rings, which should be replaced. Good compression is assured if the rings are marked with a file. A slight scratch is sufficient to indicate assembly of the rings in their respective grooves. In looking over the wrist or gudgeon pin the point of wear will be found on the bearings and if the pin shows a ridge it should be renewed.

The main bearings of the motor should be tested for looseness and if much play is found when the shaft is rocked back and forth, the shaft should be properly adjusted by means of the split bushings and metal shims. A crankshaft should have some little play but any noticeable looseness must be taken up. The bearings should appear smooth and polished. If found rough or scored the bearing must be smoothed up by scraping. This is within the ability of the amateur if carefully done, but to do it well a couple of curved steel scrapers should be used. To accurately determine what parts of the bearing should be scraped, rub a little red lead and oil on the surface, and rotate the shaft a couple of times. The color will rub away from the high-spots of the rough bearing and these spots should be carefully scraped smooth. In adjusting the crankshaft an allowance of .002 of an inch play to every inch of crank diameter will be found a good rule to follow.

In motors of the four-cycle type, the valves should be ground in that they may fit in their seats to form a gas-tight joint. Valve grinding is easily done by smearing a little valve grinding compound on the face of valve and its seat, and rotating the valve by inserting a screw driver bit in the slot in the valve head. In using emery or carborundum, put a little of the cutting powder in a dish and add a little heavy oil or vaseline to form a thin paste. A well ground valve should show a bright ring of polished metal on both face of valve and its seat. In valves badly pock marked a coarser and quicker cutting abrasive may be used for the first roughing in and the grinding finished with the usual compound. When through grinding, valves and their seats should be well washed with gasolene to remove all particles of the grinding medium. In adjusting the stems of the valves sufficient clearance space must be left between the stems and the push rods, and an approximate clearance of 1-32 inch will be about right. This is about equal to the thickness of an ordinary mailing tag, which may be used in making the adjustment. In timing the motor the exhaust valves of most marine motors are timed to open from 30 to 40 degrees before the crank reaches lower dead center. A few engines are timed to close at head dead center position, but lacking other definite timing data supplied by the manufacturer, the yachtsman is pretty safe to time his exhaust valves to close 5 to 10 degrees after passing head dead center. The inlet valves open immediately after the exhaust valves close, or about 5 degrees beyond the head dead center position.

In overhauling the two-cycle type of motor, only the automatic inlet valve requires grinding in, and the spring renewed or pulled out if it has lost its strength. Having no other valves the two-cycle motor is provided with a gas-tight ring at the base, and this should be examined, for unless it forms a gas tight joint the motor will not develop its full power.

Inlet and outlet piping should be cleaned out before launching. To find out if clear, run a length of wire through the pipes to remove any marine growth that may have lodged here.

As the chief source of leakage is usually around the stuffing-box, this part of the boat should be attended to before launching. In some of the larger cruisers the stuffing-box is placed inside, but in the majority of motor craft the outside type of stuffing-box is used, having a flange which is bolted to the deadwood. The screws securing this flange often work loose and to prevent this from occurring, use hanger bolts in place of the usual screws. These bolts having a lagscrew at one end and a machine thread at the head are the best. When the threads of the screws are found stripped and have enlarged the holes in the deadwood, put in new bolts a trifle larger and longer than the old ones. To prevent rusting, only bronze or brass bolts should be used.

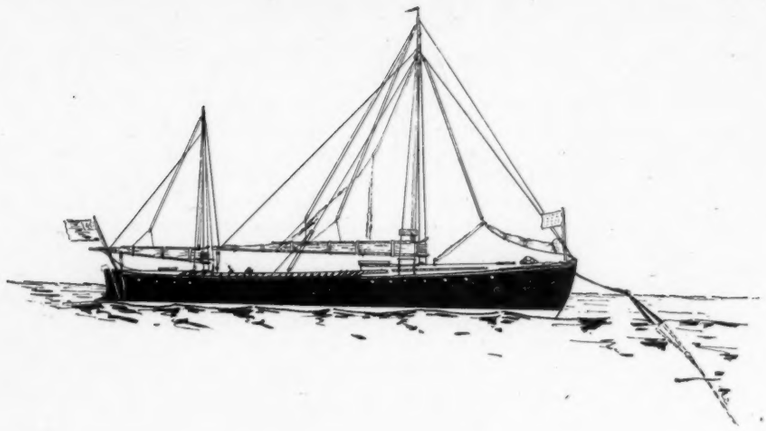
If the stuffing box is found to be in bad and leaking condition, remove it and find out if the shaft is fitted with a sleeve. If not one should be put in by the boat builder, as it is impossible to remedy the trouble in any other manner.

When replacing the stuffing-box a tight joint must be made and this is easily done by cutting out a gasket from stout canvas and saturate it with thick lead paint. Put back the flange while the paint is still wet and an absolutely tight joint will result.

The stuffing-box should be removed and packed each season. Rawhide and cotton-wicking are good materials, and the regular square packing is especially desirable to use on the propeller shaft. A small size of this packing is the most satisfactory and to get the correct size, the cap of the box can be carried to the supply house to pick the proper material. The best way to use this packing is to cut in lengths to just encircle the shaft to form rings, which are fitted into the box so the joints of one ring are opposite to the joint of the next. The tail of the shaft should be greased and the cap screwed up snugly. Do not set up too tightly at once, but screw up snugly and just before launching, screw up the cap sufficiently tight to force the packing about the shaft. This can be easily determined by the drag felt when turning over the engine, and the lock nut can now be screwed home.

After the motor has been carefully adjusted and assembled, the pump should be packed and if the boat is now in the water the sea-cock should be opened to admit water to the cooling jackets. By starting up the engine and running it for a short time any stiffness will show itself and the necessary adjustments can be made. In tuning up the motor to give its maximum power, the skipper who usually runs it is best qualified to make the needed adjustments. The motor expert knows engines, of course, but it is the man who manages the power-plant day after day who can best tune up the motor to give the fullest measure of service. Every motor has characteristics of its own, and the rhythm and power of the exhaust will indicate much to one at all familiar with gasoline motors. Before adjusting the carburetor, clean this important part of the motor thoroughly, and renew any springs or valves that are badly worn. If you have had trouble with water condensing on your carburetor or vaporizer to be drawn in with the air, screw a foot length of pipe into the air intake and it will remedy the trouble for all time.

BY FINISHING THE TOPSIDES FIRST, THE WATER-LINE IS NEATLY STRUCK IN OVER THE WHITE AND A CLEAN CUT BOTTOM WILL ADD MUCH TO THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE CRAFT



How to Rig Up a Mooring

That the Yacht May Safely Ride at the Chosen Anchorage in Her Home Port, a Permanent Mooring Heavy Enough to Hold in the Biggest Blow of the Season Should Be Provided. This Article Tells How

TO avoid the unnecessary trouble of breaking the anchor whenever the yacht clears the home port, a permanent mooring will be found a great convenience for the small runabout as well as for the largest yacht. The first factor to be considered in the choice of a mooring is its type and weight, and to reach a satisfactory conclusion the depth of water and the room available in the harbor should likewise be checked off. As the weight of the mooring must be sufficient to hold during the heaviest storm of the season this and not the average weather must be a deciding factor and if the harbor is small and crowded and there is not much scope allowed for a long swing of cable, a heavier mooring is required to offset this shortening up of the mooring line.

For the average anchorage the mushroom type of anchor is from many points of view the best choice, because its deep saucer-shaped rim will work well down into the bottom. When the mushroom is fashioned with a bulb-shank, its holding power is further increased, for the bulb will keep the shank down and prevent it from riding up under the pull of the cable. A plain shank mushroom may be rigged up to embody the advantages of the bulb-shank anchor by winding the shank near the shackle with a lump of old chain. The weight of the mushroom will vary according to the size of the boat and the character of the harbor and the nature of its bottom, but the prudent skipper will allow plenty of weight, swinging rather to the heavy side than trust to a light weight mooring. The size of rope and chain used must be in proportion to the weight of the anchor, and the safe working load is about one-fourth that of the breaking strain. That the skipper may quickly determine the most suitable equipment for mooring his own little ship the following table may be depended upon.

ROPE			CHAIN			Equipment for More or Less Exposed Waters		
Size	Ft. in Lb.	Breaking Strain Lbs.	Size	1 Ft. Wgs.	Breaking Strain Tons	Weight Anchor Lbs.	Size Swiv. and Shackle	Length Boat
¾	6	3970	¼	.91	1¼	50	5/16	16
⅞	5	4900	⅜	1.5	4	100	7/16	18–20
1	3–6	050	½	2.5	6½	175	9/16	20–25
1⅛	2–4	9600	⅝	4.1	11	200	¾	25–30
1¼	2–1	11020	¾	5.8	14½	275	⅞	30–35
1⅜	1–8	14150	⅞	7.7	18½	300	1	35–40
1½	1–5	15875	1	10.	22	400	1⅛	40–45

This equipment is well proportioned for mooring boats in average waters which are more or less exposed to the sweep of the wind and the toss of heavy seas. For anchoring craft in sheltered harbors and in rivers, lighter equipment may be selected, and the next lighter weight outfit can be safely used.

While the mushroom anchor is generally considered by yachtsmen as the best permanent anchor, other forms of moorings are much used. A large flat rock, drilled and fitted with an eyebolt makes a good mooring, while an old railroad car-wheel is frequently used. Another good way to obtain a tip-top mooring is to make a cement anchor. Pick out a box of suitable size and fill with scrap-iron and cement, in which insert two heavy eyebolts with forged washers at both ends. By shackling a chain bridle to the eyebolts a thoroughly dependable anchor will result. A mooring of this kind can be made of any size, shape and weight to suit any needs.

In rigging up the mooring, a stout chain should be shackled to the anchor, and while a shorter length may be used, it is a good plan to use a chain ten times the depth of water at high tide, or long enough so that the end may be lifted out at low tide, to splice in a new rope whenever needed. The mooring chain need not be galvanized, since it is always submerged and rusting proceeds so very slowly that it need not be taken into consideration. At the upper end a good heavy swivel should be put in, and as this is the place where most of the wear comes, use a heavy swivel—not less than one quarter of an inch heavier than the chain used. To this swivel the rope cable is attached with an eye-splice, and another eye-splice may be made in the cable's end to throw over the bitts. The cable should be protected from chafing where it passes through the bow chocks, either by wrapping with canvas or by sewing heavy rawhide around the rope at this point. One hundred feet of mooring line is about the average length.

Some boatmen prefer to use a longer chain and only use a short length of rope cable to act as a spring between boat and mooring. If this form of tackle is preferred, it is a good plan to use about sixty feet of ½-inch chain at the mooring end, and shackle to the end with a swivel, an additional length of ⅜-inch chain, finishing by splicing in a 6 or 7 foot length of rope cable to afford a spring to lessen the jerk of the chain. To prevent the pin of the shackles from working loose, always seize the pin to the shackle with a length of wire.

For the mooring buoy or pick-up any sort of a device that will float may be used, but the cedar or spruce spar buoy is the best, because it floats higher in the water and can be seen more readily from a distance, thus making it easier to pick up. A four or five foot length of old spar four or more inches in diameter will prove a very satisfactory marker. Bore a hole in each end to attach the cables, and give it a coat of paint to protect the wood and insure longer service.

The canvas covered cork-buoy is much used but becomes water-logged quickly

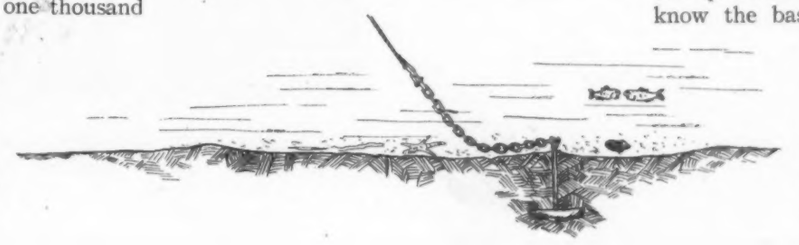
while metal cans are hard on the boat's paint and are moreover easily dented and punctured. The solid cork pick up with an iron rod running through the center, forming an eye-bolt at the top and a shackle at the lower end is a good type. The cable from buoy to boat should be of the best manila rope, and to facilitate tying up and casting off, the end of the cable should be spliced into a large and heavy bronze mooring hook of the *security ring* type, which is quickly snapped into the eyebolt of the buoy.

For a cheap buoy a wooden keg with a galvanized iron running through it, or with a heavy iron strap around it with an eye at each end, is a very satisfactory marker. The cask should be of the heavy oak kind, and painted white to enable it to show up as conspicuously as possible in the water. All types of buoys should be attached to the cable by splicing in a six foot length of lighter line, and if you use a mushroom anchor it is desirable to shackle a light chain to the eye of the disk. This chain should be long enough to reach to the surface at low water, and it is seized at intervals along the heavy mooring chain by a few strands of marlin. This seizing will part under a comparatively light strain and the chain used to give a direct pull and make it easy to break out the mushroom whenever the anchor is to be taken up.

The soft muddy bottom is regarded by most skippers as the best anchorage, and when selecting a spot for planting the permanent mooring it is a good idea to keep this in mind. Of course moorings can be, and often are, dropped on a rocky or sandy bed, but the holding power of any anchor will be relatively less in a hard bottom. To enable the mooring to hold tight, drop it on a soft bottom and the anchor will bury itself well below the surface and the suction power of the mud will increase the holding power a hundred fold.

To put down and take up a heavy mooring, two flat bottom row boats will be needed. An old length of spar or a stout roller is now placed athwartships of the two boats, with side chocks on the wales to keep the roller from shifting. In the roller—which should be about ten feet long, several good sized holes should be bored in which a crowbar may be inserted to form a lever of the rough windlass. By heaving on the bars, two men can easily lift a heavy mooring off the bottom and row or pole it to the selected anchorage. For very heavy moorings a couple of scows may be necessary, but two ordinary rowing skiffs will be stable enough to handle any weight up to one thousand pounds weight.

It is unnecessary to raise the mooring each year, and it will rust less if left in the water. When hauling out the boat for the winter, some skippers stretch the chain out towards shore and tie a heavy stone to the end. By taking a cross bearing of the location, the mooring is found next year by dragging over the range with a grapnel anchor—tripped so that it may be recovered in case the chain may be hooked close to the anchor. A better method is to get a stout piece of timber about four feet long and bore a hole in one end. Remove all but the heavy chain fastened to the mooring, and with a light piece of chain some seven feet long, reeve it through the hole in the timber and shackle the ends to the mooring chain. After the position of the mooring has been found by taking a cross bearing, the marker may be let go. The heavy chain will pull the marker under but it will float upright a few feet from the bottom and can be easily picked up by dragging with a line next season.



A Few Good Books to Read

WHENEVER my shipmates cannot cruise aboard their own little ships they will find many compensations between the covers of a good book. Cruising on the great sea of literature affords entertainment for many an idle hour and if perchance the yachtsman desires to add to his fund of knowledge, there are authoritative books aplenty to help the amateur to know the sport more thoroughly and to gain a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the sea. Good books are agreeable and useful companions and among the number of volumes coming to the editor's desk, these enumerated few are well worth reading.

In *Our Hawaii* my shipmates will find a delightfully written volume. To the many thousands admirers of the genius of Jack London, this book written by his wife and published by The Macmillan Company, at 64 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is a fitting companion to the Log of the Snark. Tourists who have visited Oahu and Pearl Harbor to watch the sun sink below the bulk of Diamond Head while the blue-green water in the offing trembles in the rosy light, have experienced and caught something of the real spirit and tranquil beauty of Aloah land. Hawaii has been often visited by the traveler but an intimate close-up picture of the scenic beauty of these coral fringed islands and a first hand description of native light in daily pursuits and on festive occasions, is but little known to the majority of Americans. *Our Hawaii* is not a guide book but a volume replete with interesting descriptions of this attractive group of south sea islands, its varied scenery and its people, all informally told from the angle of one who well knows the theme. The names of Jack London and Hawaii have been closely entwined and the words of a ukalele player voiced a simple and touching appreciation when he heard of Jack London's death, "Better than any one, he knew us Hawaiians—Jack London the Story Maker. When the news came to us, our people, they seemed to have lost a great friend—*auwe!* They could not understand. They could not believe. I tell you this, Better than any one, he knew us Hawaiians."

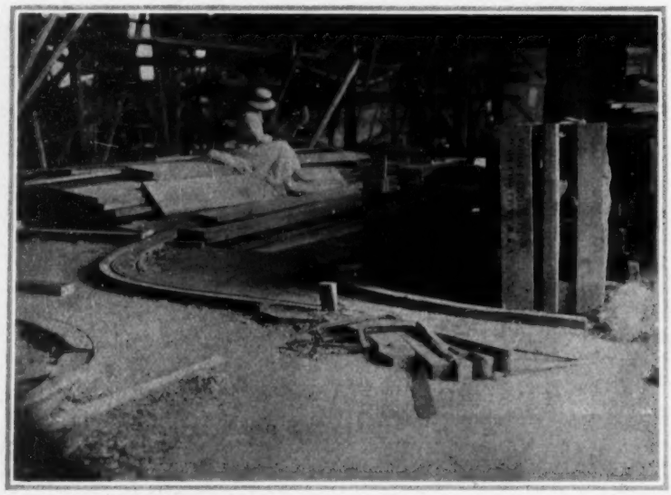
In *The Soul of Democracy* the author defines the status of America in the war very clearly. As the war will be the acid test of democracy, it has been our war from the beginning, despite the fact that we entered the conflict late. But the real and vital issue of the war has been confused and a conflict of ideas have arisen through racial hatreds and economic jealousies. The Prussian autocracy following out the theories of Hegel has suppressed the individual to the State and has persistently used every argument in the attempt to justify war as a permanent necessity. Since 1870, the author points out, the Prussian military spirit has been the controlling and dominant factor. With the one idea of subordinating the individual to the State Prussian arrogance has been constantly exploited under the utterances of Prussian thinkers of whom Nietzche may be cited as a prominent example. Pushing this rule of blood and iron to the fore, the old spirit of Germany—the noble democratic spirit of Goethe, Froebel and Luther has passed and the State now possesses absolute control over the individual.

The ideal for which the Allies are fighting may be crystallized in two words—liberty and individuality. With us the conflict is regarded as a struggle for human liberty. The individualistic spirit is strong in England and the great words heard in France during the Revolution define her status clearly today. Liberty, Equality and Fraternity was the battle cry of the Revolution and it is the battle cry in the war for democracy raging today. This is but a brief summary of two phases of the question and if my shipmates would know the basic and fundamental reasons for the war and its probable action and reaction upon future democracy, the reading of this book will assist in forming just and true conclusions. *The Soul of Democracy* is written by Edward H. Griggs and published by The Macmillan Company.

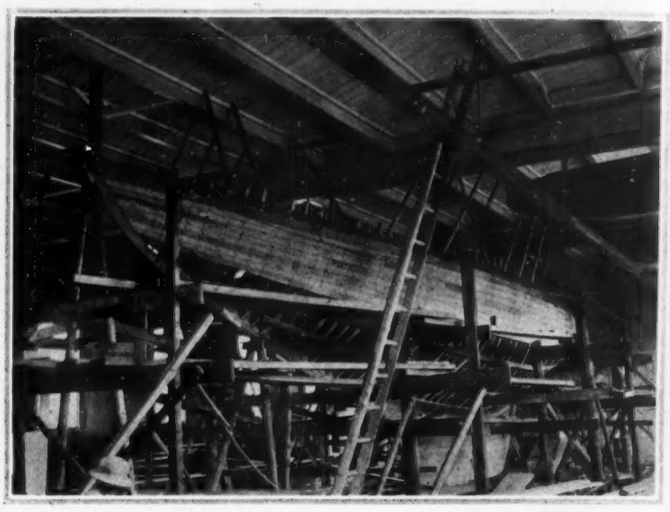
BOAT BUILD
THE EYE OF

Concluded

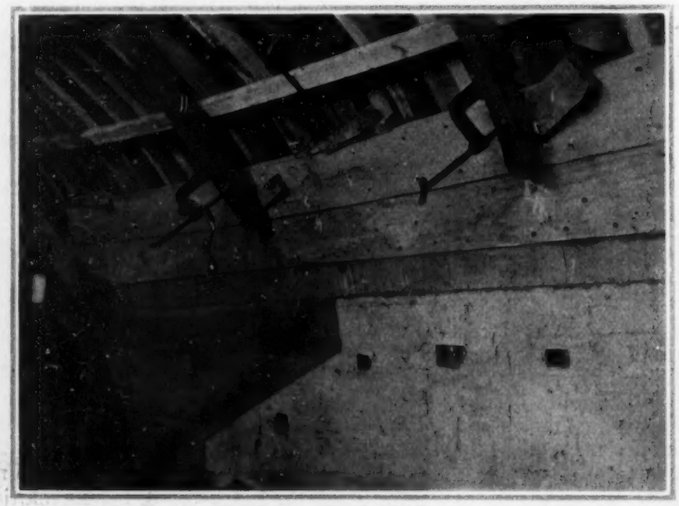
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



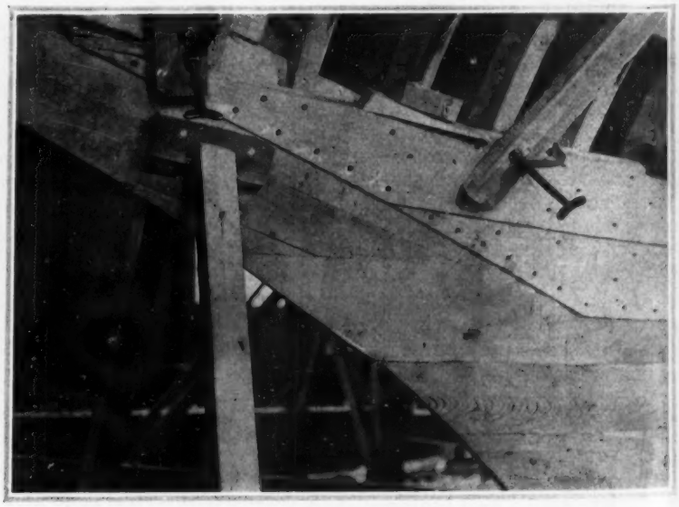
INTERCOSTAL FRAMES ARE STEAM BENT TO PROPER FORM ON THE FLOOR, AND AFTER THEY ARE SET ARE ERECTED BETWEEN THE SAWN FRAMES THUS AUGMENTING THEIR STURDY STRENGTH



THE PLANKS ARE LAID AROUND THE WALES (TOPSIDES) FIRST, USUALLY ABOUT 6 STRAKES ON EACH SIDE. COPPER BOAT NAILS ARE EMPLOYED FOR FASTENINGS, BURRED AND RIVETED



THE GARBOARD STRAKE, THE ONE NEXT THE KEEL, REQUIRES CAREFUL FITTING. THERE IS PERHAPS NO PLANK MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS IN ALL THE BOAT'S SKIN—AND IT SHOULD BE ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR STRAIGHTNESS OF GRAIN AND CLEARNESS FROM KNOTS



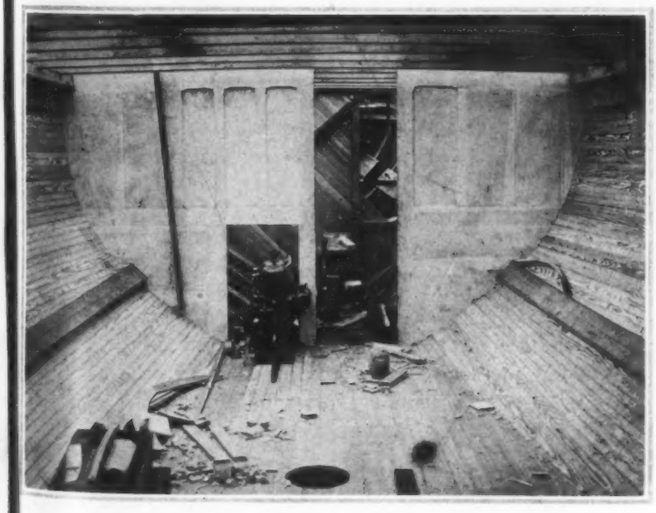
FORWARD THE PLANK ENDS ARE FASTENED WITH GALVANIZED IRON BOAT NAILS, OR BETTER SCREWS—AND THE FASTENINGS SHOULD BE CLOSE

ING UNDER A CAMERA

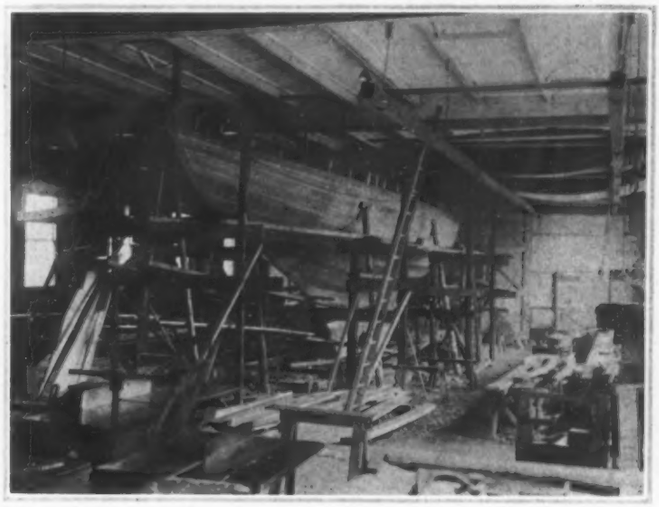
from March

C. M. BROOKS

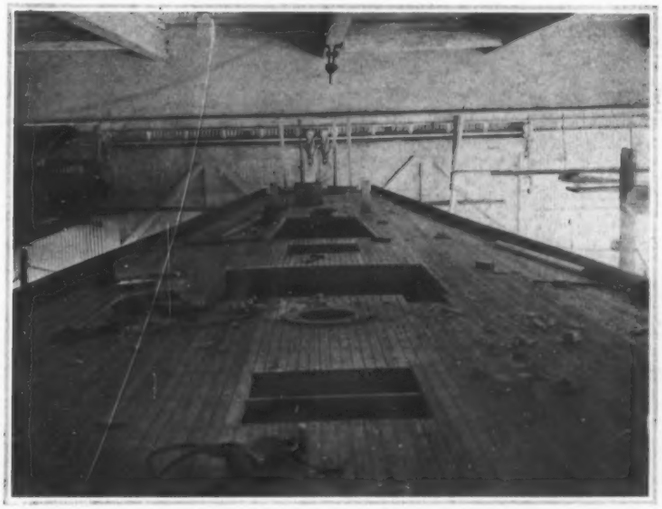
THE AUXILIARY MOTOR IS LOWERED INTO BEDS PREVIOUSLY SET FOR IT WHILE WORKMEN ARE BUSY AT WORK FITTING FLOOR BEAMS, LAYING STRINGERS AND ERECTING BULKHEADS



CEILING, FLOORING AND CABIN PARTITIONS ARE LAID AND FITTED, DECK BEAMS ARE PLACED, AND THE WORK PROGRESSES

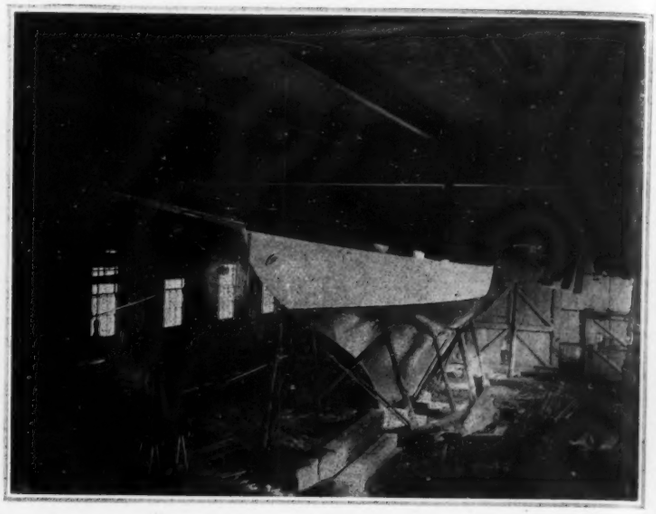


AS THE WORK DAYS SLIP BY PLANK BY PLANK THE CRAFT TAKES FORM UNTIL THE SHUTTER, THE LAST PLANK ON AT THE TURN OF THE BILGE, IS FITTED AND ON. THEN IT IS CAULK, AND PAY, AND PLANE, AND SCRAPE UNTIL THEY ALL SEEM AS ONE



WITH THE LAYING OF THE DECK, WHICH IS WHITE PINE, THE VESSEL IS WELL ON THE ROAD TO COMPLETION, FOR YOU SEE THE SKYLIGHTS, COMPANIONWAYS, AND OTHER DECK ERECTIONS ARE FASHIONED IN THE JOINER SHOP AND THUS AWAIT FITTING

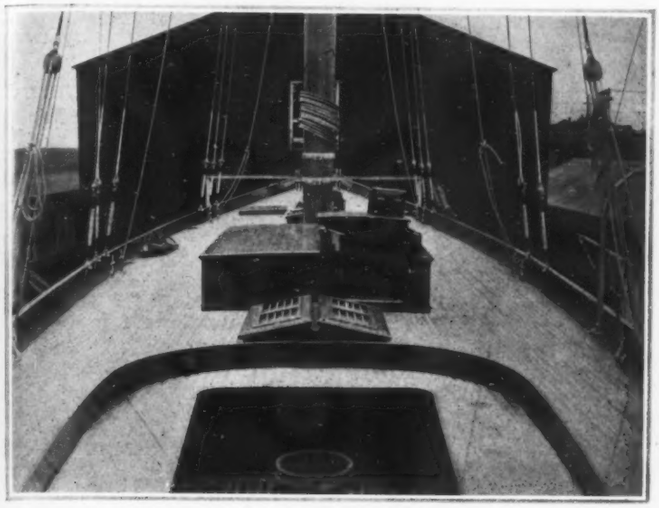
CUPBOARDS, STACKS OF DRAWERS AND OTHER INTERIOR FURNISHINGS HAVE A PARTICULAR CHARM FOR THE WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE CREW



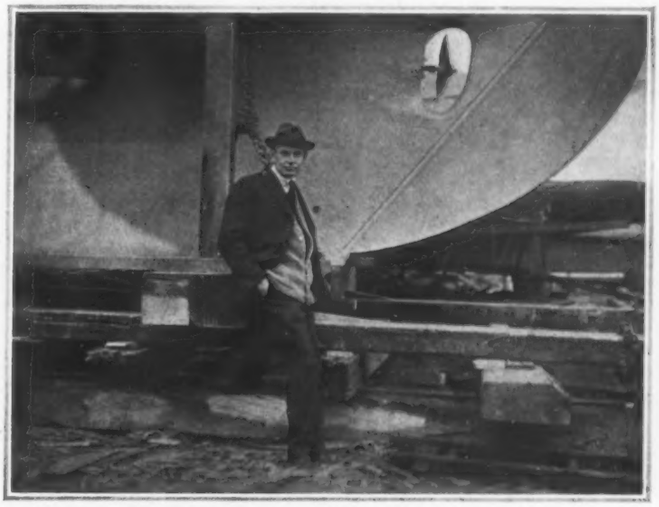
CLEAN LINED SHE STANDS, AND ALL READY FOR A PRELIMINARY LAUNCH OUT OF THE BUILDER'S SHOP INTO THE BOAT YARD

THERE IS A RAFT OF RIGGING, AND ALL OF IT QUITE AS NECESSARY FOR THE HANDLING OF THE YACHT AS THE RUDDER IS FOR ITS CONTROL

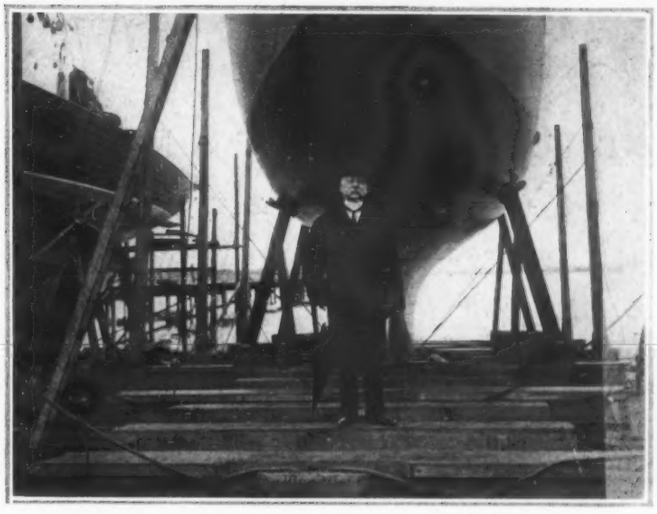
THE SPARS ARE USUALLY HOLLOW, BUILT UP WONDERS OF STRENGTH AND LIGHTNESS. HOLLOW SPARS ARE USUALLY BUILT BY SPECIALISTS AS THEIR CONSTRUCTION REQUIRES QUITE DIFFERENT TOOLS THAN THOSE OF THE BOAT SHOP



MASTS ARE STEPPED, STANDING RIGGING SET UP, FITTINGS POLISHED, DECKS SWABBED DOWN, AND A GENERAL CLEAN UP MADE IN ANTICIPATION OF TOMORROW'S LAUNCHING

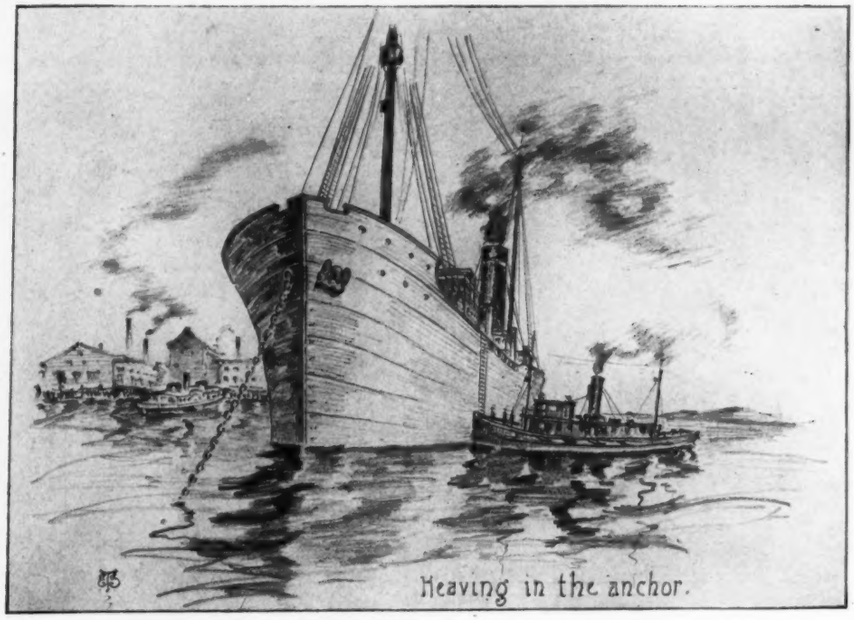


THE BOAT BUILDER, MR. NEVINS, STANDS BY WHILE THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS IN HIS HANDICRAFT, BUT NOT BEFORE ALL BLOCKING AND THE WAYS HAVE HAD A ONCE-OVER



MR. GIELOW, DESIGNER, COMES FROM NEW YORK TOWN TO WISH A LONG LIFE AND A HAPPY ONE TO SAYONA OF THE YACHTING FLEET

SHE SAILS WELL ON THE WIND AND OFF AND IN HEAVY WINDS OR LOW. THE SCHOONER RIG SINCE THE DAYS OF CAPT. ROBINSON HAS ALWAYS BEEN POPULAR, BUT LET ME TELL YOU 'TIS SHIPSHAPE LITTLE VESSELS SUCH AS THIS ONE THE CAMERA SEES THAT KEEPS THE FLAME OF SCHOONERING FOR PLEASURE ALIVE



A Quartermaster for Two Weeks

How it Feels on the First Trip

By EDMUND T. STEWART

LET us admit, right off the bat, that most of this will be old stuff to anyone who has been to sea. All such are privileged to stop at this point. But perhaps I may be able to disguise the bare facts with a new dress and a haircut by seeking to dwell more on the impressions received than to make it merely a recital of events.

I did not claim to be a sailor, but I had owned and handled a yacht, (as which of us had not?) and I had attended a navigation school where we worked the usual problems necessary in handling a ship. I sought experience, and I believe I received pretty good measure for the time I put in. The Shipping Board had my application for a position, and on Thursday, December 27 last, I received a telephone call from them to report at once. As quickly as the cars would take me I was at the Custom House, then at the dock, with such articles as I could throw into a suit case quickly. Also, on my way down Atlantic Avenue my guardian angel whispered to me to buy a pair of heavy woollen gloves and ear flaps. They did noble service. I wore the gloves out completely.

As these events occurred so recently, and the other men of the ship may still be somewhere near, I think it is wiser not to mention any names.

With the captain and mate I went at once aboard a tug which took us to the ship at anchor in the harbor. The tug poked its nose up against the side of the ship and I was invited to climb the swinging ladder hanging from the rail about 20 feet above us. I looked at the ladder, then at the heavy suit case I carried, then I counted up my hands. I found only two present. If I had another I could have worked it very nicely. So I set the case on the deck and after going over the side, (please give me one good mark for refraining to say "over the top") I got a seaman to throw a heaving line for the case, all the time hoping he would get there with the rope before the tug left.

By this time the captain and mate had disappeared and I found myself on the deck of a large iron steamer for the first time in my life in an official capacity, and with very little idea as to the next move. Still no instructions from anyone. You are supposed to know what to do on board ship. As I watched the tug disappear I had a kindred feeling for the late J. Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon and burned his bridges behind him. However, I had to make some move so I moved forward, which happened to be right. Here some one showed me the quartermaster's room where I found my partner sleeping. And Al (so he styled himself) was sure some sleeper. I envied him his ability. It was an art. I partially acquired it myself later. You have to if you wish to retain your reason; but I never could equal A1. When he was once asleep there was nothing that could bring him out of it, until you touched him, then he came to quite readily. Later, one night on my watch while in port, about midnight, I got busy and scrubbed the walls and floor, (deck is the proper term,) of our room, with the electric light on, moving things around and accidentally hitting the tin water bucket. It woke up the ship's carpenter and boatswain in the next room, but it never bothered A1. If I was sleeping and he turned on the light I was awake instantly.

No instructions yet, so I put my case under the bunk and wandered forth. First I wandered toward the bow where the mud hook was reluctantly answering to the pull of the big steam windlass. They seemed capable of handling that job without any assistance from me so next I wandered up two flights of steps to the pilot house. I was getting warmer now. The captain turned to the 2nd mate and said "Here is your other quartermaster." The mate looked at me once and remarked, "Quartermaster?" You notice the question mark. I thought he spoke with great feeling. His tone seemed to imply a pained surprise. I suppose I looked as little like a sailor as anything that ever came aboard the ship, although he told me later they had one man who did not even know his compass. I did know that much. Presently he said, "Well go below and get your clothes off and get ready to stand your watch." So I got into an army shirt and shoes and old clothes which proved to be just about the right

equipment, and reported again. "Take the wheel!" the mate said. So I took the wheel the first time I had ever handled steam steering gear; the anchor came up and we were under way.

In entering or leaving port the captain is in the wheel house. At other times he is seldom seen unless there is a storm or danger, when he is called. He gave me the courses down the harbor, through the net and headed out to the light ship. While the mate took the wheel I ran up the code flags and then ran close to the patrol boat on guard, while the captain exchanged a few brief words with them. At the harbor entrance we passed one of our submarines with a curious patchwork camouflage. The steering gear being new to me, naturally I steered a little wild at first. A heavy boat answers her helm so slowly that it is hard to tell when to "meet her" while she is swinging. And then, of course the tendency is to give her too much rudder the other way, and so keep her swinging. And if the new man uses his wheel too much the mate will say "Stop knocking Hell out of that gear." Afterwards he will learn to steer, as the mate says, "with two spokes."

As we put the engines on full speed after getting through the net, and commenced to feel the lift of the sea I felt that we were really off for good (if it should prove to be good). I was surprised to see how plainly the light ship showed from the wheel house, when I knew it would be invisible from a small boat, forty feet difference in height helps a whole lot. At the light ship I read the log, which I had set a short time before, reported the reading, and went below. My first watch at sea was ended and I had pulled through without serious difficulty. When I woke Al. and introduced myself, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to know the name of the ship and where we were bound, and any other little items of interest he might be able to hand me. There had been no time to find out before, and we might have been on our way to Europe or South America for all I knew. It seems that we were bound for Baltimore for coal. I did not realize at that time the full import of that word "coal," but I did later. At sea the decks are washed off and everything is comparatively clean. In port it is decidedly otherwise. With my mind relieved on these matters I turned in and slept,—a little. I had not got the habit yet. There were times later when I believe I could have slept while standing at the wheel.

When I came on watch again we were well down on the Cape, and drawing up to Nantucket Shoals. As we went over them I could not help wondering how far we would have to get off our course to pile up on the treacherous sand bars. Probably not far. I had heard the stories of ships that would bump the bottom between the rollers as they went over, and the place had a fascination for me. At this time I was standing the dog watch of two hours, which changes the hours each night, so that the watch will be 8 to 12 one night, going on again at 4 a. m. and the following night 6 to 8, and 12 to 4 a. m. If there were three quartermasters, as there really should be, the hours would be easier. But at sea you take what is coming to you and say nothing, if you are wise. But when you go off watch, be it day or night, you make for the good old bunk by the shortest possible route, and it must be a strong attraction indeed which can keep you away from it. You dress and undress seven or eight times a day. It almost seems as if the company should pay for the wear on the clothes from handling them so much.

I should like to speak here of the attitude of the officers. At first they were aloof and only spoke to give orders. But in the long night watches they would yield to the temptation to fall into a conversation. There was always a mate on watch in the wheel house with the quartermaster, but as there were three mates they did not change their watch at the same time as the Q. M. consequently I was with all three at different times. There is no question that the regular seamen, whether officers or men, look with distrust or suspicion upon those who are learning the business in navigation schools. I think the idea is that they have made their way to their present position by hard knocks and long years of experience, and there is almost a feeling of resentment against any one who seems to be attempting to arrive by some short cut. I think the feeling is quite natural, and I do not know that you can blame them. Each one in turn, when alone in the pilot house, would ask about the schools, what they taught, who the instructors were, etc. The first mate was particularly bitter against them, claiming that the students knew as little when they came out as when they went in, and that it was a waste of public money. The second mate one day showed me a problem which had been given out by Captain Huntington, who ran a navigation school in N. Y. I said I should like to take it and work it out.

He allowed me to use the books of tables belonging to the ship and I worked it out, coming within one minute of the captain's answers in latitude, longitude and course, and half a mile in distance. So he thought perhaps the schools were not so bad after all. I asked him if I could take a sight for latitude or longitude. He said I could use his sextant, which I thought was very kind of him. But after that there was no weather when it was possible to get the sun except when in port or in the bay, and then there was no horizon. So I did not take my sight, after all. I have to smile to think what would happen if I had asked the first mate for such a privilege, even if it were on my own time. He was a Norwegian, a graduate of the school of long experience and hard knocks, and believing there was no other road to successful seamanship. He was known as a hard worker of the men, and I believe, not over popular, but no one questioned his ability as a navigator.

It was curious how the mates would be talking quite sociably at times, and then again would choke you off or snap out an order. I have always believed that at sea a man is not the same man that he is ashore. Especially the officers. It is natural that their responsibilities should make them more exacting, and perhaps even unreasonable at times. I believe these officers were as easy and reasonable as the average, perhaps a

little more so. Also I think the accommodations were as good as the average ship. Of course, if a person were looking for luxuries or frills he would have a rude awakening. The quarters were small and our furniture consisted of one camp stool. But that was enough, so why ask for more? We spent all our time while in our room sleeping, anyway. And the bunks were fairly comfortable. Eating, as conducted in the petty officers' mess, was not a particularly joyous occupation. At times when the meat was a little tougher than usual, *Chips* the carpenter, would offer his portion to any one who would like to make some half soles for his shoes. And when we had chicken one Sunday the Q. M. asked the steward if he wouldn't take back the skeleton and bring us some meat. But on the whole it was not bad, and no one was starved. When the platter was empty they had only to ask for more and it came. We had chicken on Sundays and New Years day. By the way, I nearly got in bad with the first mate by asking him if New Years day was a holiday. It was our duty when getting up in the morning to call the mate, then the boatswain and carpenter, then the crew. At the suggestion of Al. I asked the mate if I should call the crew on New Years morning, or if it was a holiday. He looked at me a minute, but only said, "Call them at seven instead of six. If you let them alone they would stay in bed till they starved for lack of grub." Afterward the other mate told me that he did not like it, but judged rightly that it came from Al.

The new man gets some curious impressions while at the wheel. Of course, there is a certain feeling of responsibility in having control of those thousands of tons of steel and cargo as well as the people on board. But the feeling of responsibility is not so great as it might be because there is always a mate in charge. When at the wheel at night in the darkened and usually silent wheel house, especially at first, the feeling of drowsiness and oppression will almost overcome you. The eyes will almost close and the course will dance before the eyes. The compass is about 4 feet from the steersman and he reads the course through a half of a magnifying glass held at the proper angle on a tripod placed on the compass. When you get used to it it is not as bad as it sounds. But it is considerable of a strain on the eyes and the nerves to keep them focused on that little spot of light and nothing else, hour after hour. After looking at it for some time it seems to exert a hypnotic influence over you, and your whole world seems to narrow down to that little space in which the course you are trying to steer seems to be always trying to pull away from the point where it belongs, opposite the lubber mark, while you are eternally trying to keep it there or to pull it back when it gets away. You get the feeling that it is a contest between the ship and yourself, and you have almost a feeling of resentment when the ship wins for a time. In watching your course, at times, you forget everything else; time, surroundings, yourself. You hear nothing and see nothing but that.

At times, when you have kept the course for some time, almost without moving the wheel, and are just congratulating yourself that you are doing pretty well, it will begin to swing to one side and continue to swing in spite of anything you can do. You keep giving her more wheel and she continues to swing against it. An eighth point, a quarter, half, three-quarters, even more. And then it will hang there and refuse to come back for what seems to you like minutes. It seems to be showing a stubbornness that is almost human. The ship seems to be laughing at you. You do not dare to hold the wheel against it too long because experience has taught you that you will be as badly off on the other side of your mark. You have just enough experience to make you apprehensive, but not enough to tell you just how to meet the situation. I suppose an old steersman would laugh at these sentiments, but if so I believe it is because he has forgotten his first impressions.

While steering, the Q. M. must ring the ship's bells. He hears the clock in the chart room behind him, and when it has rung he repeats the time on the bell outside by pulling on a cord which hangs from the ceiling. In a moment he hears it repeated from another bell at the other end of the ship. At 7.20 and 11.20 he strikes seven bells, ten minutes ahead of time to give the other Q. M. time to dress and eat before reporting for his watch. At other times one bell is rung fifteen minutes before the beginning of a watch to give him time to dress. A seaman is supposed to wake him at the time those bells are rung. Sometimes he does. Sometimes he is five minutes or more late, and then it is some hustle to dress, read the log and report at eight bells. For in stormy weather it is something of a job to go the length of the ship to read the log, and back again. In the middle of the four hour watches the Q. M. is relieved for half an hour by one of the men that they called the policeman, for some reason that I was unable to determine. It was a welcome break, especially in the night watch. We would make for the galley and get some coffee and perhaps some lunch. Without this break it seemed as if it would be almost impossible to stand the four hours.

Some funny things happen in the pilot house occasionally. One day the captain gave the engineer the signal on the engine room telegraph for full speed astern. The engineer answered with half speed. The captain slammed the handles over so hard the next time that it broke off a brass elbow that stopped the handles. The mate picked it up and laid it on the window sill. Pretty soon the captain noticed it and said, "What is this?" "Oh," the mate said, "that is a piece that was broken off of the telegraph." The Old Man said, "Somebody must have given it a hell of a bang." That closed the incident.

One night on the trip down a Norwegian tramp suddenly showed up on our port bow. As we could not see her running lights we were more than two points abaft her beam, which according to the law made us the overtaking vessel and gave her the right of way. Nevertheless, the 2nd mate who was on watch, felt that she should allow us to pass instead of cutting across our bows as she seemed intent on doing. We soon had to swing sharply across her stern, putting her on our starboard side. Scarcely had we done so when she changed her course, swinging to port, and seemed about to cross our bows again. Perhaps they thought they were getting into shallow water. Any way, the mate remarked in forcible and picturesque language that this time he would hold his course and if they wanted to bump us let them go ahead. He guessed we were as heavy as the other fellow and we would take a chance. He added some other remarks which, while quite appropriate to the occasion, I beg leave to omit here. When the other officer came to relieve him shortly after, he called on him to come and have a look at a blank, blank, blankety blank, etc. However, we had more speed and soon left the other fellow astern.

We were within sight of land on the way down. As we approached Barnegat the captain told the mate to "Put Barney on four points and run her abeam." This, of course, would give him his distance off shore, and I looked to see it carried out, but I was disappointed. I think he got his bearings from the pelorus on the bridge above the pilot house.

After this I saw a brilliant display of lights which I took to be Atlantic City.

We had fine weather down until we passed the Capes, Henry and Charles, and started up Chesapeake Bay. Then we ran into a blizzard and snow so thick it was impossible to see a boat's length ahead. I could hardly make my way across the deck against the wind, and when I came out of the pilot house, the instant I poked my head out of the door I saw my hat sail the length of the ship. I gave it up for lost, but it was found several days later in a corner covered with snow. Before morning the snow stopped and we commenced to meet ice floes, with the temperature dropping steadily. From that time on it was nothing but ice until we were almost out of the bay on the return trip. After a while I noticed that when I released the wheel it did not return to its position amidships as it should. The mate tried it and said the fluid which operates the gear was frozen, or at any rate thickened. After that I had to pull it back each time, and the exercise soon made me take off my coat.

Sunday morning at 8.30 we docked. I came on watch at 8 so I had the wheel when we docked. The command is turned over to the tow boat captain, and he certainly has to know his business to handle a heavy ship and dock her among other vessels without injury to any of them.

Upon docking the sailors are free. Not so

the quartermasters. They simply go on six hour watches instead of four hour. My night watch came from 6 to 12 p. m. for which I was very thankful. The watch from 12 to 6 is much harder. Al. said that if he did not have a certain routine with something to do all the time he would go crazy. He would not dare to lie down for fear he might go to sleep on watch, and that is serious, because when in port the ship is really in charge of the Q. M. when he is on watch.

One cold night while I was on watch near midnight I saw a man coming aboard from the ladder. I went toward him to see what he wanted. He explained that he was the policeman on the dock; he was on duty all night and with no place to keep warm. So I told him to come aboard and led him to the galley to get some coffee. There is always a big pot full on the fire. I said "Help yourself, but I do not think it is very good, I guess it has boiled too long. I tried some and could not drink it. There is the sugar in that tin." He poured out the coffee, but looked suspiciously at the sugar, then tasted it and said, "That is not sugar, it is salt; they wouldn't leave as much sugar as that around in these times." Then I began to suspect what ailed my coffee. I tried some with sugar from the other tin and noticed a distinct improvement. I had several calls from him on other nights, which we both enjoyed.

The first night in port I asked the 3rd mate about the duties in port. He said, "We'll find something for you to do."

They did.

There were the lines to look after, to see that they do not get too tight with the rising tide and part; or too slack and allow the ship to shift position. Then there are the steam winches which must be watched to see that they did not freeze. But simply watching them could hardly be expected to raise the temperature appreciably. The mate said, "Turn the winches over once in a while." He might as well have requested me to turn a house over. This, being translated, means start the steam winches and windlasses going every hour or so, and keep them turning long enough to warm them up. So I became a steam engineer in two minutes, and ran the engines while on watch until we left port. Before I could complete the rounds the 1st mate found that the steam hose needed attention. This affords a pleasing out door sport. The hose is some two inches in diameter, wound with heavy wire, about 40 or 50 feet long, and weighing, I should judge, near 100 pounds. And always located, of course, in some other part of the ship than where they are needed. So they must be dragged over the ice covered deck to the steam pipe and coupled up to thaw them out. Then the first one must be uncoupled and the second put in its place. Then the process is reversed and repeated indefinitely, while the coupling on the steam pipe gets so hot that it burns your hand even through a woolen glove. The clouds of steam envelope you like a wet blanket or a Turkish bath, and then commence forthwith to freeze. I laid my hand on the rail. The glove started promptly to freeze to the rail. I removed it hurriedly.

When loading coal there is the added attraction of the coal dust which fills the air; also every portion of your anatomy which is exposed. When combined with the aforesaid steam aided and abetted by a freezing temperature, the resulting incrustation adds greatly to the interest of the sport. When I looked at my face in the mirror I had to be introduced to myself. And all this in the Sunny South. It would be worth a month's pay to have the fellow who coined that expression thaw out steam pipes for an hour. When through with the pipes then back to the winches and windlasses—12 in all—then look at the lines again till midnight, and then "nothing to do till tomorrow," at 6 a. m.

The mate spoke true. They found something for me to do. I questioned (inaudibly) whether all this was strictly quartermaster's work, and so did Al. Be that as it may, I know the quartermaster got it good and plenty. Perhaps they wanted to show me that there was more to seamanship than can be learned from books. They succeeded.

It would appear that on a ship there are usually two ways of doing anything. And the way you do it is usually the wrong way. This gives the officers a chance for a come back.

For instance:

In "turning over the winches" the mate told me never to touch the reversing lever. He seemed quite insistent on this point, asking me at different times if I had touched them. Later, when I was trying to start a winch he asked me why I did not pull over the lever. The machine would not start till I did. Someone had changed it but did not take the trouble to let me know, or explain the working of it.

Again.

At night when I ran the winches the 1st mate would say, "Don't be afraid of them. Run them long enough to warm them up," and "Turn them over every hour." Then pretty soon the 3rd mate would come out and say, "Don't run them so long. You'll wake everybody on the ship up with that damned racket." Which was quite true. Also "Once in two hours is often enough." Again I agreed with him, but where did I get off? I was bound to be wrong either way. And if they froze, as the big windlass forward did once, then they blamed the quartermasters who "had nothing to do but look out for them." And we spent a pleasant two hours tinkering with the vitals of the engine and thawing it out with my old friend the steam hose.

Another one.

When at the wheel one mate would tell me to let her run back to amidships from port or starboard. The other mate would say check it so as not to knock the gear to pieces.

And so on.

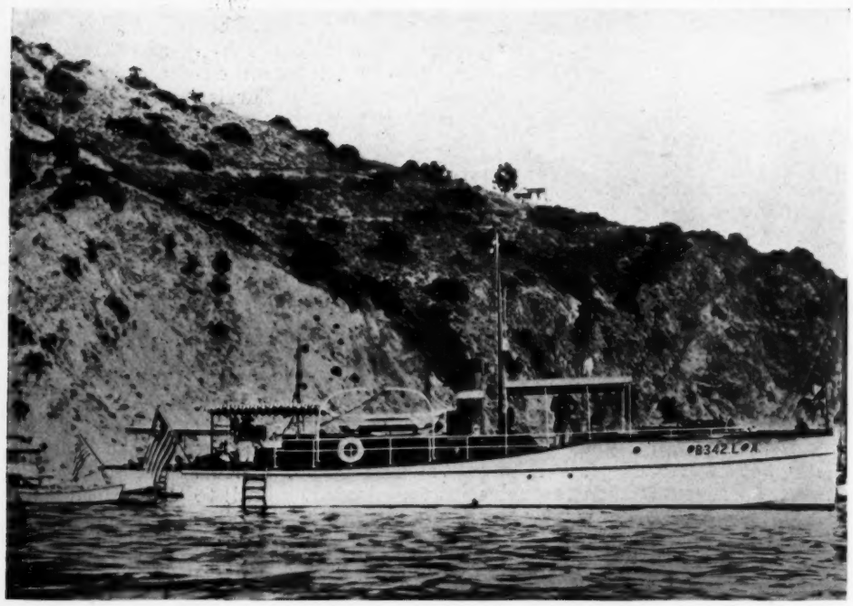
While in port I took a run up to the city once. (Only.) It is a half hour run on the car, and you have to go on your watch off, which means you must go three watches in a row without sleep. Some of the men will go much longer than that, but not for me. It was Sunday and the lid was on everything except the court house. So I wandered in and at the earnest solicitation of the guardian I allowed him to show me around. I spent a hilarious hour looking at walls and mural decorations, some of which I must admit, were works of art. The old man was a typical Southern colonel or something. I asked him if he did not think it was about time for us to forget that there is a North and a South in this country. He said the feeling is still strong, and that the passing generation have taught it to their children. When I left him he cordially invited me to come again and refused any compensation for his trouble, (verbally). But I noticed that his hand had a convenient crook which did not allow the money to fall to the floor.

My room-mate Al. had been at sea some time and knew the ropes pretty well. As a mate said, "A regular sea lawyer." I learned many things from him. I learned the nationality of the crew, (and we had nearly every kind there was to have). I

(Continued on page 203)

Dustin Farnum and His Motor Yacht Ding

A Good Actor Is Not Necessarily a Yachtsman, But This Man Loveth the Sea and the Care-free Life Which Lends So Much Charm to the Hours Spent Aboard a Natty Little Ship



THAT THE CRUISER MAY BE WELL USED BY THE SPORTSMAN FOR COMFORTABLE QUARTERS AND AFFORD A QUICK AND CONVENIENT WAY OF TRAVELING TO THE FISHING AND SHOOTING GROUNDS, IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CRUISER DING WHICH DUSTIN FARNUM FINDS PARTICULARLY HANDY FOR THIS PURPOSE. CALIFORNIA IS A BIG STATE AND THE FOOT HILLS ARE FAIRLY WELL STOCKED WITH GAME WHILE THE PACIFIC—ESPECIALLY THE WATERS AROUND CATALINA AND SAN MIGUEL ISLANDS—FORMS AN IDEAL FISHING GROUND

THE vigorous characterization of virile American manhood is well portrayed on the legitimate stage and in the silent drama by Dustin Farnum and his brother William. Both are good actors in heroic and character parts and both are good sportsmen who are fond of every phase of outdoor life. Dustin Farnum is one of us and lives much aboard his cruiser *Ding*.

This comfortable and clean-cut craft is a 51-foot cruiser of the express type and is a recent acquisition, having been designed and built for the owner by Fellows & Stewart of Wilmington, Cal. *Ding* is powered with two Model F, 6-cylinder, 5½ in. by 6¾ in. Sterling motors of the counter-balanced crankshaft type which maintains a speed of 22 miles an hour. This natty craft provides comfortable accommodations for eight on extended cruises and is used as a means of transportation to the different scenic sites selected for producing different plays. The boat has given a good account of herself in several races as well as providing comfortable quarters on numerous hunting and fishing trips. Mr. Farnum tells us that he can throttle down so that his craft will barely move through the water and can shift the lever from forward to reverse and back again without the engines missing or stalling which speaks well for the flexibility of the power plant. Furthermore he finds his craft the fastest of its type on the Pacific coast and a particularly seaworthy boat, as the following extract from Mr. Farnum's recent letter indicates:

"I have not had to wait all summer long to pick my weather to run from Wilmington across the channel, which incidentally sometimes gets very rough, to Catalina. I am much pleased with it and with the engines. All the boatmen out on this coast say I have the best looking motor room of any craft here. The motors are still in commission and last Sunday, while you were freezing to death in your blizzards, I was having a most delightful cruise on a sea like glass to Catalina and back, a distance of about 60 miles."

In the photograph *Ding* is shown in one of the many coves which abound on the Catalina Island. This island is one of the attractive show places of California and is some 17 miles off shore opposite Los Angeles county, California. Catalina is an ideal fishing ground and the 15 miles of good lee around the island affords water as smooth as a lake and the large number of bays and coves formed by the canyons, makes it an ideal spot for the disciple of rod and reel. Catalina is a popular all the year around resort and boasts a town and maintains regular steamer service with the mainland. Several good hotels and a number of attractive cottages furnish ample and comfortable accommodations for the tourist.

One of the most attractive bits of shore on the west coast is found at Afevalon the golden at Catalina Island. The leaping Tuna is caught in this locality—between the 5-mile stretch bounded by Alvalon Bay and Long Point, and the fishing for this great fish is particularly fine during the months of June to August. Plenty of other good game fish are found and such gamy fighters as the Yellowtail, Albicore, Barracuda, White Sea Bass and the giant of the sea-bass tribe, the Black Bass or Jewfish furnishes plenty of excitement for the angler.

Ship's Coins

A SUPERSTITION among seafaring men is that a coin should be placed beneath the mainmast of a newly built ship. The coin should be of gold, though in a pinch silver will do. The coin should bear the date of the year the ship is built, and before being placed beneath the mast, it is carefully wrapped in cotton. Its resting place is the stepping of the mainmast.

Dealers in coins are aware of this long-continued practice, and the result is that when an old ship is broken up, especially abroad, there is always on hand a company of coin dealers desirous of obtaining the coin. It is said that in this way one collector obtained a specimen of the rare American dollar of the mintage of 1804, which has commanded a high premium for many years.

Port Washington On the Island

In a Land of Pleasure, Facing the Blue Waters and the Cooling Winds Which Sweep the Broad Atlantic, Has Been Builded in a Little Bay, the Home of the Port Washington Yacht Club

By CHARLES E. HYDE

EX-COMMODORE BYRON C. GOULD AND COMMODORE ARTHUR T. VANCE OF THE PORT WASHINGTON YACHT CLUB ENJOYING THE SCENERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

"Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangles dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet as all this shall your welcome be."

THE yachtsmen of Long Island Sound have ever formed an enthusiastic group of outdoor-loving men who have been instrumental in promoting the recreation of small yacht sailing for many years. With the development of the motor driven yacht this phase of yachting has been taken up and placed on the same clean-cut basic foundation, for this group of sportsmen are firm in the belief that the compensations afforded by yachting furnishes its own ample reward and that sport for its own sake is quite incentive enough for their active participation. As the waters of the Sound are especially well suited for yachting with motor and sail, and lying within easy reach of the city, many yacht clubs have chosen Long Island for a building site and among the newer organizations is that of the Port Washington Yacht Club.

This is one of the liveliest yachting and social organizations, of its kind, in existence, and came into being in 1903. Its organization was one of popular demand, rather than of mere occurrence, and was occasioned in a peculiar manner. A group of twenty, were about to form what was to be called the *Cow Bay Skiff Club*, the name being taken from the old title by which our beautiful bay was known. Plans for a small club house were perfected and the location of shore front selected, when news of the formation spread in Port Washington.

The Cow Bay Skiff Club was to have a limited membership of twenty and the full membership was subscribed, in fact carefully selected, and included only those who were keenly interested in the racing of small craft in summer, and ice boating in winter, in fact, the bunch who had for a long time previously, had as their headquarters, an old shack on the shore, known as *The Custom House*. For years, this crowd of tars had maintained themselves, without even an organization and were looked upon with both envy and pride, as they were really considered the deans of sailing in small craft.

When they had about consummated their club, they were importuned by a number of Port Washington residents to give up their select organization and to co-operate in the forming of a regular yacht club, one which would permit of a large membership and afford comforts to the families of our village.

After considerable coaxing and pleading, the *boys* reluctantly abandoned their plans and entered into the organization of the Port Washington Yacht Club, with the same spirit of snap and go that they had exhibited in their Skiff Club proposition, and the Port Washington Yacht Club came into being with a membership of seventy-eight. Meetings for perfecting the organization were held two and three times each week, and a Constitution and By-laws were agreed upon, which have been changed but little, since the organization.

Arguments, pro and con as to the advisability of preventing the sale of liquors, resulted in a no-license club. Some argued that a club without a liquor license could not pay, while others argued that not only would it pay, but that it would be the means of encouraging membership from those who were desirous of affording their families the absolute protection that would obtain from a no-license organization.

When the Club first sought quarters they selected a site on the bay, and occupied it until 1908, when a site which had been obtained a little further to the south had been improved with a new Club House, and we moved into new quarters. Here we had a wonderful beach for bathing, a fine anchorage, deep water, large field for baseball and tennis courts, ample accommodations for trap-shooting and a fine dormitory for bachelors. In fact, Port Washington is not only a Yacht Club but an organization where most forms of outdoor recreation are enjoyed. The Club was practically the first yachting organization to take up trap-shooting, which it did immediately after formation, and it runs off annually, what is known now as a classic in this field of sport, —The St. Patrick's Day Shoot, which is enjoyed by many of the best shots in the country.

The Club has always been identified in the racing game, both with sail and power boats. Its first large class of sailers was in 1907-1908-1909 and 1910, when the Port Washington Yacht Club one designs, a jib and mainsail craft, 21 ft. o. a., were prominent in all the sound regattas and in special inter-club racing with boats of about the same design belonging to the Bayside and

PANDORA II, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE PORT WASHINGTON CLUB, IS A PICTURE GIVING ABUNDANT PROOF THAT A GOOD BOAT AND GOOD FRIENDS FORMS AN ATTRACTIVE PHASE OF MOTOR YACHTING

New Rochelle Yacht Clubs, the boats of the Port Washington Yacht Club always winning out in the series, the champions of which were the *Zip*, owned and sailed by Chas. E. Hyde, and the *Cow Baby* owned by R. E. Dusinberre.

After this, came the *Fish* class, jib and mainsail boats, which was really an enlarged *Star* whose racing was confined to the Club as there were no competitors in other clubs. Then the *Duck* class of eighteen boats, carrying mainsail only, whose sailing was all done in our bay and they were actually the most ticklish and sensitive small boat that ever crossed a starting line, and much amusement was frequently afforded spectators by seeing the skippers of this class "hanging on" until help came and towed the upset craft ashore. The famous *Star* class was conceived at Port Washington and are the design of W. B. Gardiner, who resides here, and of whom perhaps no more eminent yacht modeler, of both small and large type of yachts exists. The *Star* class had been in existence for some time although the Port Washington organization had not interested themselves therein until in the fall of 1914. Mr. Allen Walker, one of the members, purchased the Little Bear and became very enthusiastic. He induced three other members to obtain Stars, at once, and the year of 1915 marked the recognition of the Port Washington Yacht Club in this class. In 1916, more of our boys obtained Stars and as the Club showed a propensity to help along in the way of special races and hauling out accommodations, many of the Star owners from other clubs joined our colors. George A. Corry, the father of the class, became a member, as did G. W. Elder, James O'Brien, S. Adler and other Star owners, and from this grew the Star Association itself, whose annual meetings and dinners are looked forward to by many of the best yachtsmen. The Port Washington Stars have cleaned up annually, all over the racing field, including the Long Island Sound Championship, Manhasset Bay Championship, Larchmont Race Week Series and Atlantic Race Week Series, the most successful Stars being the Hydra, belonging to Chas. E. Hyde, Altair, belonging to E. V. Willis, and the Little Dipper, belonging to George A. Corry.

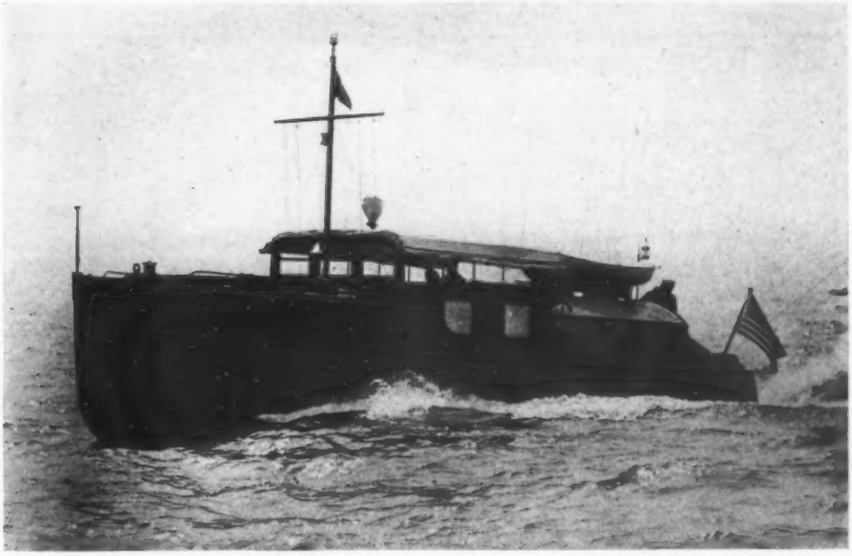
Of the larger sail racing craft that have won prominence are the Mignon II, owned by E. G. Smith and the Adevtha, owned by Hans Deim, which boats have carried away the bacon, several times in Long Island Sound, and in the races around Long Island.

As to Motor Boats, The Flyaway III, once the property of Thomas B. Taylor, needs no introduction to yachtsmen. Her records are too well established, and when the Gold Cup Races were held in our harbor, in 1916, the Flora Del Mar, a 65 footer owned by Walter F. Blaisdell, won a handsome cup for cruisers, while Stratton Vance, in the tender of the Pandora, Commodore Vance's fine cruiser, surprised the mob by getting away with the "Bang and go back" race. The Club has a fine fleet of boats of all kinds to-day, one of the latest additions being the "Flirenz" belonging to Daniel Guggenheim, a design of W. B. Gardiner, and one of the prettiest and fastest day cruisers in existence.

Canoeing is no small part of the pleasure of our members, and as our harbor is particularly well adapted for canoeing, a dozen or more are in daily motion, in season.

(Continued on page 205)

THE COMFORTABLE HOME OF THE PORT WASHINGTON YACHT CLUB IS BUILT CLOSE TO THE WATER ON AN ATTRACTIVE BAY, AND FURNISHES A MEETING PLACE WHERE YACHTSMEN, THEIR WIVES, SISTERS AND FRIENDS CAN MEET TO ENJOY THE GOOD FELLOWSHIP WHICH IS NOT THE LEAST OF THE COMPENSATIONS OF YACHTING WITH MOTOR AND SAIL



HAZLETON IS A 40-FOOTER BUILT BY THE GREAT LAKES BUILDING CORP. AND POWERED WITH A 6 IN. BY 6 IN. VAN BLERCK MOTOR

A Cruiser of the Mosquito Fleet

A staunch motor-yacht modified to serve the Nation as a member of the mosquito-fleet for inside patrolling duty

THAT the pleasure yacht can be made to well serve the sterner duties of war service is well illustrated in the 40-foot express cruiser pictured, which was designed and built by the Great Lakes Boat Building Corp. for Mr. Geo. B. Markle of Hazleton, Pa. Although designed for a pleasure yacht, this staunch little ship has been modified into a very useful scout cruiser. As it has been demonstrated that the small craft forming the mosquito fleet, can be used more effectively for inside and harbor patrolling rather than for off-shore duty, the forward deck and the cockpit aft have been reinforced to carry a machine gun.

The arrangement plan has been carefully worked out to give a large cabin forward which affords sleeping accommodations for six, followed by a bridge deck fully protected by windshield and curtains. Immediately aft of the bridge is the galley on one side and a large clothes locker and lavatory on the other—both conveniently connected with the captain's stateroom, which is fitted with extension berths.

The power-plant of the *Hazleton* is a 6-cylinder 6-in. by 6 in. Van Blerck motor, which gives a speed of 20 miles an hour and puts this craft in the Type A-fast division. The motor is well located under the bridge-deck, where it is accessible under specially designed and removable hatches.

THE FISHERMAN

HARK to the boom of the fog horn
And the threat of the liner's deep bray,
Deep in the mists of the morning,
Sounding far-flung down the bay.
Danger is lurking to starboard,
Menace is crouching to port,
But we waste not a thought for its fishermen's lot
Tempting fate for the price and the sport.

Storm signals fly out their warning
And the rain chills to torrents of hail;
Fast fly the lowering cloud-banks
As the wind gods give force to the gale;
Yet steamers may cringe in their harbors,
'Tis not for the schooners to dread,
For the masses back east need the fish for their feast,
And we need their price for our bread.

Fierce is the blast of the Taku
Hammering down on the Sounds,
Cold is the spray from the combers
As they break on the shoals of the "grounds."
The dories seem small in the vastness
When the manes of the sea-horses fly,
But the halibut wait for the lure of the bait
And the price at the market is high.

We may not be there with the culture,
Nor on morals as long as you wish.
Our trust mostly lies with our engine,
And our prayers are mostly for fish;
But we live pretty close to creation,
And our culture is Nature's own lores,
And we can't go far wrong when we live with a song
In the joy of the great Out-of-Doors.

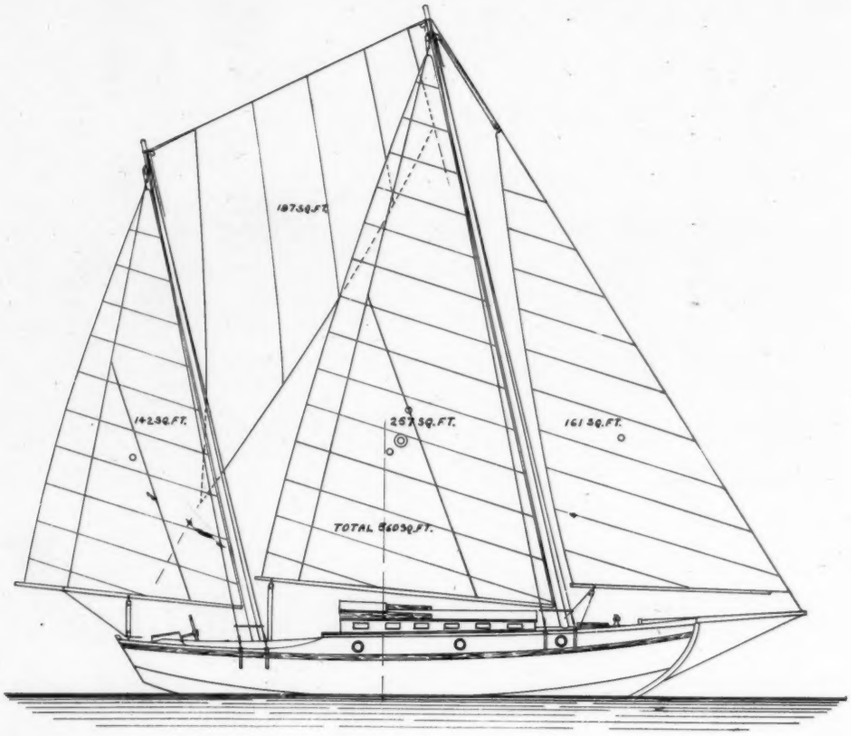
—Daniel L. Pratt.

"U" Boats Enrich Sailors

THE largest wages ever given to sailors at this port are now being paid as a direct outcome of the U-boat menace.

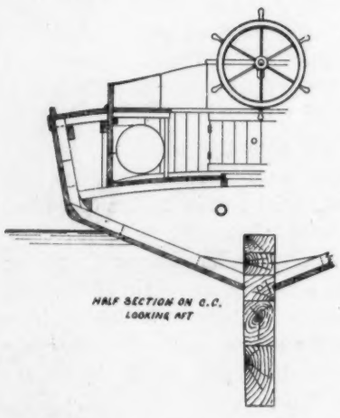
Crews shipped on vessels bound for the war zones are receiving bonuses which bring up their earnings far beyond the highest water mark for that class of employment. The A. B.s and the firemen are getting $60 with a fifty per cent bonus which brings their earnings to $90 a month. Four years ago they were drawing a fixed monthly wage of $30.

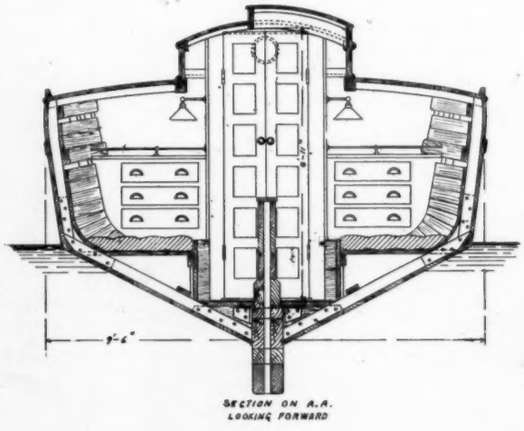
It was said recently at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, No. 25 South Street, which furnishes men to leading steamship lines, that even with these increased wages, the sailors frequently served only part of a month to obtain them. All articles provide that crews escaping from vessels sunk by submarines or torpedo boats shall receive their pay until they have returned to the port of New York. Hundreds of sailors who have several times survived U-boat encounters are presenting themselves to the Shipping Bureau of the Institute for re-employment after weathering hazards of war. The stories of experiences they interchange in game room and lobby show how thoroughly these brave men of the merchant fleet second the work of the Allied navies.

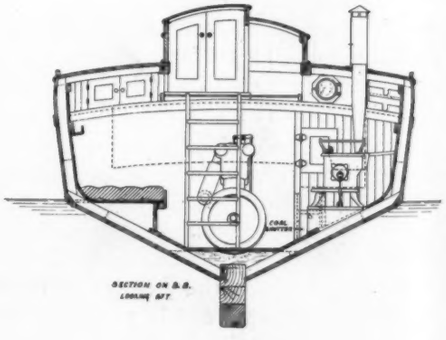


Plans For a 33-Foot Bugeye

A fast and seaworthy boat which provides comfortable accommodations for long cruises, and a craft easily handled when the wind blows fair or foul.







FOLLOWING in the wake of Stewart Stevens Scott's article on the Chesapeake Bay Bugeye the plans of a 33-foot over all bugeye rigged auxiliary seem most appropriate. C. H. Dodd of Boston, the designer of this able little craft, has made a speciality of wholesome cruisers and this one is particularly inviting. The publication of Mr. Dodd's letter to the Editor seems not amiss so here it is.

"I am sending you under separate cover, two tracings of a 33-foot over all auxiliary Bugeye.

"I often wonder why the Bugeye rig is not used more for auxiliaries, for it is such a simple rig and the sail pressure is so evenly distributed on the spars, that they can be made very light and save top weight. I have sailed Bugeyes on the Chesapeake Bay and found the rig very easy to handle.

Forward in this little boat is a clothes locker and a toilet 4 feet long, the full width of the ship, while between the clothes locker and the main cabin is a wash room with a grating in the floor to take the splash.

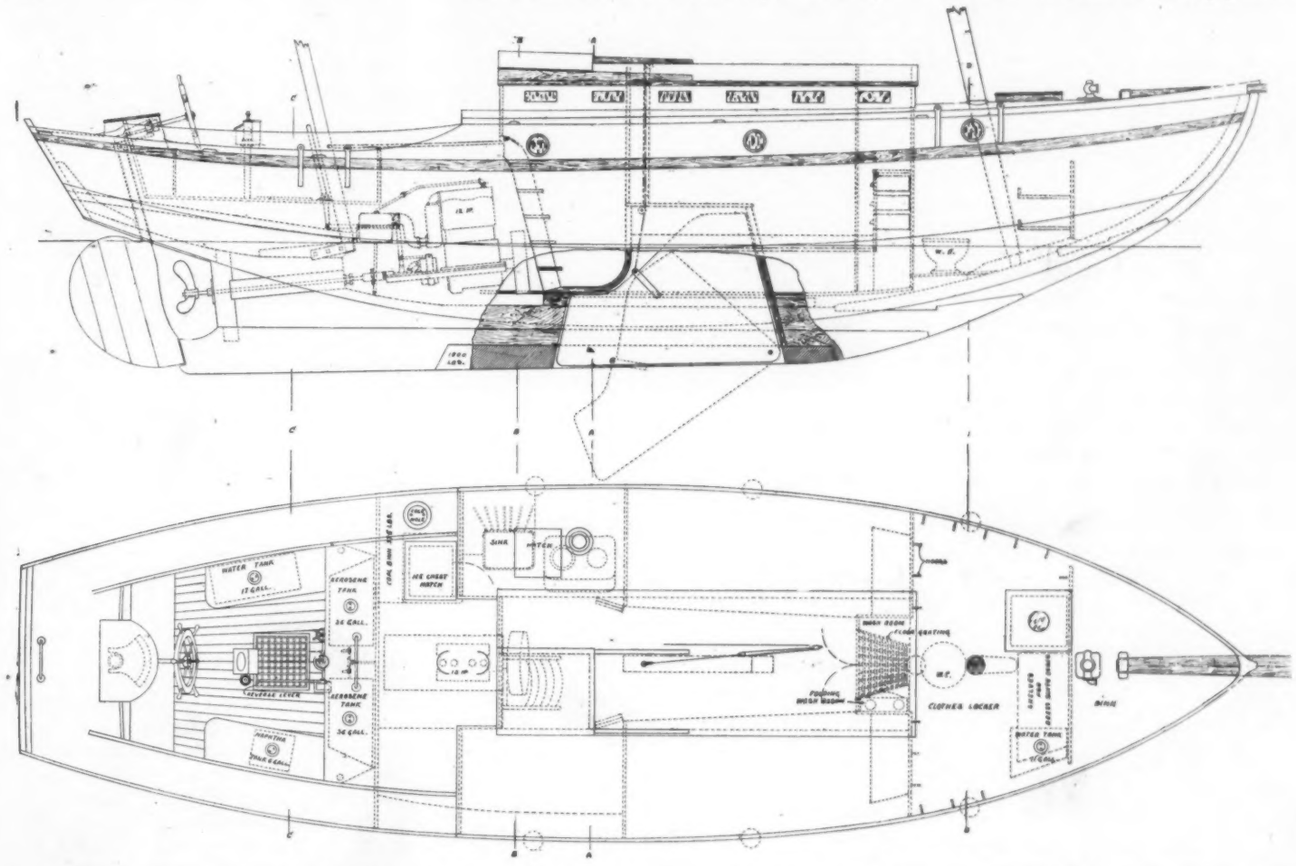
"The main cabin is 7 feet 6 inches long, has two transoms with sideboards and drawers at the forward end, and 5 feet 11 inches of head room. Abaft of the main cabin is the gallery and engine room, in the

port side of which is a Shipmate stove, sink and ice-chest.

"On the starboard side is a transom. The motor is one of the successful kerosene heavy duty engines of 12–16 H. P. and should drive the boat eight miles an hour in smooth water. The sail area is small, 560 sq. ft. in lower sails and 187 ft. in the stay-sail.

"The kerosene tanks are under the bridge deck and there is a small gasolene tank under the cock-pit seat for starting the engine. The reverse lever and spark and throttle controls are within the reach of the man at the wheel."

BECAUSE many of its members now in service are exempt from dues, The Harlem Yacht Club, in order to increase its membership, has decided to waive its initiation fee until June 15, 1918, and yachtsmen desiring to take advantage of this offer may become members by paying a year's dues in advance.



FROM THE CABIN ELEVATION AND DECK PLANS, THE DETAILS OF ACCOMMODATION ARE PICTURED TO SHOW A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE AND DESIRABLE BOAT THAT WELL FULFILLS THE SPECIFICATIONS OF THE MAN WHO WANTS AN EASILY HANDLED CRAFT FOR DEEP WATER CRUISING

Yachts Change Hands

THE Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency has sold the following yachts:

The 86-foot steam yacht, *Calumet II*, owned by Mrs. Robert Codman of Boston, to the MacNichol Packing Company of Eastport, Me. *Calumet II* is 86 feet long and was built at Morris Heights, N. Y., from designs of Arthur Binney for Guy Norman of Boston. She was originally named *Hope* and afterwards was owned by Commodore Herbert M. Sears of the Eastern Yacht Club of Marblehead, Mass. She is one of the best known steam yachts on the Atlantic Coast.

The 45-foot motor boat, *Ballyhoo*, owned by Mrs. Gertrude M. Dyke, of Sagamore, Mass., to the Sandy Bay Fish Co. of Rockport, Mass.

The 26-foot motor boat, *No-Yes*, owned by the late Conrad J. Rueter, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to Edward Chase of Baring, Maine.

The 40-foot water line, auxiliary schooner, *Belle*, owned by Edward Everett of Boston, to Arthur Thompson of Brookline, Mass.

The 30-foot water line, *Corneta*, owned by Louis E. Crosscup of Wollaston, Mass., to David Johnson of Roxbury, Mass.

The 25-foot water line auxiliary yawl, *Brynhild*, owned by Captain B. Allison Edwards of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to Peter Croy of Medford, Mass.

The 18-foot water line sloop *Jacana*, owned by Eliot S. Mildram of Hingham, Mass., to Henry James of Dorchester, Mass.

The 25-foot water line sloop yacht, *Idalia*, owned by Commodore David M. Wiseley of the Winthrop Yacht Club of Winthrop, Mass., to Joseph E. Elcock of Quincy, Mass.

The 40-foot motor boat, *Helena*, owned by William P. Lowell of Newburyport, Mass. to Commodore Shirley F. Brooks of the Cottage Park Yacht Club, of Winthrop, Mass.

The 40-foot water line auxiliary schooner, *Belle*, owned by Arthur Thompson, of Brookline, Mass., to Natale Scala, of Gloucester, Mass.

The 25-foot water line sloop yacht *Tuisco*, owned by Alvin F. Whitmore of Boston to J. W. Lowery of Malden, Mass.

At the Bergen Beach Yacht Club

At the annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Yacht Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., the following officers were elected: Commodore, Dr. Frederick Schmitt; Vice Commodore, Frederick Doebeli; Rear Commodore, W. B. Mertens; Recording Secretary, Frederick C. Haab, Jr., Rockville Centre, L. I.; Financial Secretary, J. Parker Mertens; Treasurer, Fred'k L. Hough, Jr.; Measurer, J. A. Lindstrom; Board Directors, 2 years, J. C. Snackenberg and E. E. Wells; Board Directors, 1 year, John A. Still.

Floating Right Side Up

When the Good Ship Sinks and Settles Beneath the Green Water to Beach Her Bones in Davy Jones, the Dire Necessity of Keeping Afloat Must Be Met and Instantly Put Into Effective Buoyancy

SOME few years ago there lived on this green-leaved earth a venerable Professor who had deservedly won a very high place in the world of famous men through his erudite devotion to science. He was in truth a particularly fine type of the scholar-scientist—a man of large calibre and one of democratic ideals and demeanor withal. On one occasion when the Professor was returning from an exploring trip he was obliged to cross a twenty mile stretch of turbulent water in a small and not very seaworthy boat. Seeking to enliven the tedium of the voyage he engaged in conversation with the Captain who was an unusually intelligent fellow, and very naturally the Professor adroitly turned the subject into the channel of his long exploited hobby, and incidentally deplored the ignorance of the Captain in matters scientific.

"And you know nothing about biology?" he inquired.

"Nothing," the Captain answered.

"Ah me, it must appear deplorably depressing to exist as a shadow that knows not the substance of physical life. My friend, one quarter of your life is irreparably lost."

And the Captain felt abashed and was much ashamed because of his neglected youth.

"The ethereal beauty of the sky, the starry firmament and luna illuminated night, has not this wealth of evidence led you to study the high science of astronomy?" the mentor continued.

But the Captain shook his head, for he did not know, but he felt very insignificant indeed, while the Professor mused, "Alas what a pity, yet too true, one half of your life is lost, good friend."

In silent meekness the Captain sat before the judgment seat of wisdom, for he could not get the Professor's drift—It was as Greek to him.

"The rocks of the coast which you circumnavigate in making port, should beget a knowledge of geology, and the flowers in the field introduce the fascinating study of botany, but you know them not. Three quarters of your life is forever lost my dear friend."

But the Captain jumped to the poop of his little ship before the Professor had scarce time to finish his little soliloquy and bawled out an order in basso profundo. With a rattle the ship swung obediently about. Too late! The maelstrom of tide had already gripped the craft as in the embrace of a giant and dragged it to the jagged coral reef. There was barely time to launch the life-boat before the ship struck and careened so abruptly that the small boat was capsized on the davits and Professor, Captain and crew were thrown into the water.

LIEUT. DE VECHER OF THE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL UNIT AND A COMRADE STEPPING INTO THEIR SUITS BEFORE SAILING FOR FRANCE

"Kin ye swim?" the Captain shouted.

"No," the Professor spouted.

"Thin ye whole bloomin' life is gone."

And the Captain was right. The Professor had forgotten to provide for an emergency, and as the unexpected happened before the Ever Warm Safety Suit was invented the good man perished.

Now this little prelude to my tale, from whatever angle it may be viewed, unmistakably points to this moral—that preparedness in these troublesome times when all ships are targets for the crafty Hun, is a necessity which every voyager should soberly consider. To keep afloat until assistance can arrive, has long been a forlorn hope of the shipwrecked voyager, and ever since navigation began the ingenuity of the inventive mind has been seeking for a practical life saving device. Life boats, life rafts and life preservers have always proved uncertain in times of peace, and with the entrance of the ruthless brutality of Germany the hazards of the sea have been increased to an alarming degree. The great loss of human life has startled the Nation upon several tragic occasions, yet little progress was made in finding a means to safeguard the lives of men, women and children upon the high seas. Long before the war, the pressing need of an effective life preserving device had become an urgent need, for as boats multiplied and high power and greater speed were developed, accidents and disasters became more and more frequent. Accidents on oceans, coastwise waters, lakes and rivers have all contributed to the appalling loss of life. With the sinking of the giant steamship Titanic, the perils of the sea seemed to have reached the maximum and the demand for an efficient life saving invention had become imperative. But this tragedy of the deep was destined to serve as an inspiration to Oscar A. Youngren, a young inventor of Sheridan, Wyoming, who evolved the Ever Warm Safety Suit while working out his convictions that a real life preserver must not only keep the wearer afloat until rescue arrives, but must also afford protection from exposure. The problem of assuring safety at sea first occurred to him when crossing the ocean and it was while traveling through the North Lane in cold weather, on a steamer beset by high winds and heavy seas, that he began to speculate on what would be the inevitable result in case of accident, if the loaded life boats should upset and the passengers be left to drift for hours in the ice-cold water and biting wind. Even if provided with cork jackets and kept afloat, there could be no question but they must succumb to the exposure.

It was on this voyage in the steamer Oscar II that Mr. Youngren began to visualize the invention which would provide the necessary protection and actually save human life. It was clear that this could only be attained in a garment to entirely protect the body, while retaining in a convenient form, the buoyancy and sustaining power of the usual life preserver. With these essentials in mind he proceeded to work out the details of a really remarkable invention—a simple, one-piece suit that could be put on quickly in time of panic or hurried warning and that would keep the wearer afloat indefinitely while giving absolute protection from exposure. The inventor was working out the problem when news was received of the sinking of the great steamship in which more than 1500 lives were lost.

He read the story of how the wireless had sent the S O S call to be heard by rescue ships hundreds of miles away while the giant ship slowly settled and sank; how the shipwrecked passengers were adrift in the boats, on rafts and buoyed up with life preservers for hours and how a large percentage died from the long exposure. This marine catastrophe and the sinking of the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River with a loss of over 1000 lives appears almost insignificant in comparison with the appalling toll exacted by the world-wide war now raging. In view of these facts it

is indeed fortunate that the Ever Warm Safety Suit has been conceived and perfected—a garment which not only insures the life of its wearer, but which possesses buoyancy sufficient to enable the wearer to help rescue at least five other persons. This is more than a remarkable margin of safety, in that it gives one absolute self-assurance and eliminates all fear in the hours of suspense and peril.

The simple and complete Ever Warm Safety Suit is a one-piece garment made in union style, with shoes and mittens all in one piece, which completely encloses the body, excepting the head, in a water-tight suit of special and absolutely waterproof material. The head is well protected by a waterproof cap. The suit is so constructed that it can be slipped on in less than a minute without assistance, and after a few trials the garment can be put on within fifteen seconds. It is not necessary to remove your shoes or any of your usual clothing, and any man, woman or child can step into the suit clothed as they may be at the moment, close the suit by means of two clamps conveniently placed in front, and after snapping the safety lock, the wearer can plunge fearlessly into the sea and float in an upright position with head and shoulders well above the water. A lead sole in the bottom of each shoe of the suit, keeps the wearer in an upright position, even if exhausted or unconscious.

The Ever Warm Safety Suit does not depend for buoyancy upon the air that may be confined within it. The upper portion of the garment is lined with a special composition, which affords five times the buoyancy of cork and which also adds to the warmth. This special composition has been officially approved by the United States Government. As the suit is made of a very strong material, it is not easily punctured, but if this or any other damage occurs, buoyancy is retained because of the special lining which will not absorb water. Water will, of course, fill the suit up to the water line in case of puncture, but repeated tests have proven that the heat of the body will take the chill from the water in the suit and largely protect the wearer from exposure, while at the same time, the buoyant padding will prevent any possibility of drowning.

SWIMMING AMID THE ICE FLOES IN THE HUDSON RIVER DURING THE RECORD COLD WAVE OF JANUARY 1918, DRY AND WARM IN AN EVER-WARM SAFETY SUIT

In the front of the suit is provided a large waterproof pocket, in which a canteen and liquid food, sufficient to last for forty-eight hours may be carried. A whistle is also attached to the garment to assist in attracting attention and for signalling. The Ever Warm Safety Suit is made in seven different sizes, ranging from a size suitable for children between the ages of 5 and 8 years, up to the largest size which will protect a man over 6 feet in height and weighing over 220 pounds in weight. The same suit can be worn by man or woman, and the fit is not essential, as the garment is easily adjusted and a small person can wear a large one if necessary. The suit is light in weight, easy to carry, and is packed in a suit case or canvas bag, and with ordinary care will last for many years.

Every individual suit is carefully tested and the remarkable success of the Ever Warm Safety Suit has been long proven by the most severe tests in hundreds of public demonstrations under the most exacting conditions. Holes have been cut in the ice and persons protected by the suit have remained in the icy water for a long time, with the thermometer registering below zero, without experiencing the slightest discomfort from the cold. It has also been repeatedly demonstrated that even in cold and rough water, the wearer can hold above his head an iron bar weighing 50 pounds, which is the equivalent of nine or ten human bodies on the surface. It is owing to the remarkable and indestructible buoyancy of the suit, that comprises one of the vital merits and attests its highly efficient principle.

Groups of men, women and children, each snugly enclosed in a suit, have often braved the high seas and tides off Sandy Hook, in wintry weather, in the path of passing liners, and have landed after several hours of test, not only dry but warm and comfortable. And in these many tests it has been found that women and children who have looked upon the water with more or less timidity, have come to feel perfectly at home in the suit, without the slightest fear at the feeling of confidence afforded by the buoyancy of this absolute protecting garment. The Ever Warm Safety Suit is filling a high and ever increasing demand that comes from every part of the world. It provides safety and protection to sailors and travelers, whether on the ocean or the lakes and it provides a safeguard for the navigator, passengers and crew of the motor boat, sailing craft and steamer—and affords the best and most desirable life insurance for all who travel anywhere on the water.

The Ever Warm Safety Suit is indispensable because it makes travel by water perfectly safe under every and all conditions. By its use the shipwrecked voyager remains afloat for hours or days, safe and warm. It takes less than a minute to put on and it is a one-piece watertight garment, with indestructible buoyancy which is capable of supporting six persons in the water. As the suit does not depend upon inflation with air, a puncture does not impair its buoyancy, and the head of the wearer is kept well above the water, even though unconscious. Ample space is provided in the suit for private papers and other valuables, and the wearer cannot drown and become chilled through protracted exposure.

The claims of the inventor have been thoroughly tested by the Government and the suit has met the unexpected and unprecedented demands and conditions and it has found its way to power boats and other yachts, to the President's own yacht, the

READY FOR ANY EVERGENCY IN THEIR EVER-WARM SAFETY SUITS, WHICH ARE MADE IN SIX SIZES TO AFFORD PROTECTION FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Mayflower, and elsewhere in Government service.

The practical utility and service of the Ever Warm Safety Suit is well instanced in the investigations and tests to which the Government have subjected it. Whole hospital units, with doctors and nurses and other groups starting for the war zone, have been supplied. Dr. George E. Brewer, when he sailed for France at the head of the Presbyterian Hospital Unit —all members being equipped with the suits, called this wonderful invention a "Ninety per cent life insurance," and further added, "I feel these nurses and doctors who are ready to sacrifice their lives on the other side, are entitled to this adequate protection." Mr. James W. Gerard, our ex-Ambassador to Germany, testified to the "feeling of security" which he enjoyed in the possession of one of these suits on his trips across and back. Many hundred of distinguished patrons alike testify to the success of this wonderful invention, which may be honestly called the only real life insurance policy for the voyager.

THE ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AFFORDED BY THIS MODERN ACHIEVEMENT IN THE PERFECTMENT OF A REAL LIFE PRESERVER —THE EVER-WARM SAFETY SUIT, IS WELL SHOWN IN THESE TWO PICTURES. TO DEMONSTRATE THE REMARKABLE BUOYANCY OF THE SPECIAL LINING AND TO SHOW THAT AIR IS NOT DEPENDED UPON IN THE LEAST DEGREE, THE SUIT WAS PURPOSELY CUT AND PUNCTURED. THE WEARER WAS IN THE WATER FOR SEVERAL HOURS AND DESPITE THE DAMAGED CONDITION OF THE SUIT, THE DEMONSTRATOR KEPT AFLOAT WITH HEAD WELL ABOVE THE SURFACE AND WITHOUT SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE.

Newport Harbor Yacht Club

AT the Annual Meeting of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, held at Newport Beach on Saturday, February 2, 1918, the following officers were elected:

Commodore, Isaac B. Potter of Riverside; Vice-Commodore, Andrew H. Wilson of Newport Beach; Rear-Commodore, Leonard G. Swales of Newport Beach.

The new staff officers are not promising too much. They realize the draw backs which the war has imposed upon the yachting game and will trim sail to meet new conditions. It is proposed to hold a series of small boat races (small sloops, cat boats and motor boats) in Newport Bay throughout the summer months and to have a number of races over the outside Course between Newport and Huntington Beach for both large and small boats. In most of these races boats from other clubs will be at liberty to participate and invitations will be sent to the yachtsmen of Los Angeles, San Diego and smaller towns, asking them to bring their boats, big and little to Newport Bay. The new jetty at the inlet is so far completed that an ample channel has been scoured out by the tide-flow and boats drawing ten feet can pass in and out of the bay at low water without trouble.

The Newport Harbor Yacht Club is bone dry. It is one of the many Yacht Clubs whose constitutions distinctly and positively cut out the strong drink habit from their club festivities. At its Annual Meeting on February 2, 1918, the members adopted an amended constitution which (after stating the general objects of the club) contains this provision:

"In the pursuit of these objects and with the desire that these clean and healthful sports and benefits shall be made popular in the widest sense, this club will discourage and, as far as possible, prohibit the use of alcoholic and intoxicating drinks by its members and others while making use of the club properties or taking part in social events given in the name of the Club or wholly or partly under its management. This declaration is not intended to reflect the judgment of club members upon the question of prohibition in its relation to the public, but rather to make sure that the higher aims of the Club be not imperilled by a custom which is often both harmful and offensive."

This provision was put in the Constitution mainly for the benefit of the Junior membership class. There are thousands of boys and young men in Southern California who know little or nothing about boating. The present war emphasizes the need of this knowledge. The Government has asked for 200,000 sailors and "marines." Most of the enlisted men are shamefully deficient and have not even the most rudimentary knowledge of the duties they will have to perform. The Newport Harbor Yacht Club intends to give every boy within a hundred miles of Newport Beach a chance to learn how to travel on water as well as on land; how to tie knots, handle ropes and sails, manage marine motors, swim, box the compass and point out the North Star, and at the same time to have a rip-roaring good vacation if he can so manage as to spend it at Newport Beach. The Club has adopted a "one design" class of small sail boats—14 feet long, safe, staunch and good sailors. Plans and building instructions are ready to be distributed and a circular covering this subject will soon be sent out. Many of the eastern yacht clubs have approved the same design and these boats were raced with great success on Great South Bay, Long Island Sound and other Eastern Waters during last summer. They can be built by any clever amateur who can handle tools, or by any of our several boat builders at Newport Beach or Los Angeles at moderate cost.

The Genesee Dinghy Club

THE following officers, directors and committees were elected in the Genesee Dinghy Club for the year 1918.

R. L. Ahrens, Commodore; T. A. Sharp, Vice-Commodore; R. H. Nagle, Fleet-Captain; C. E. Noxon, Cor. Sec.; Charles R. Drake, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Board of Directors is composed of the Officers and J. E. Emerson and E. W. Delano.

Regatta Committee:—R. H. Nagle, Chairman; C. E. Noxon, W. G. Sheehan, J. E. Emerson, George Roat.

House Committee:—Art. Rowland, Chairman; George Roat, Wray Rawlings.

Entertainment Committee:—T. A. Sharp, Chairman; W. G. Sheehan.

Membership Committee:—J. E. Emerson, Chairman; E. W. Delano, C. R. Drake.

Following in line with Sec. of the Navy Daniels' letter to keep the small boat sailing game alive we are out for a real year.

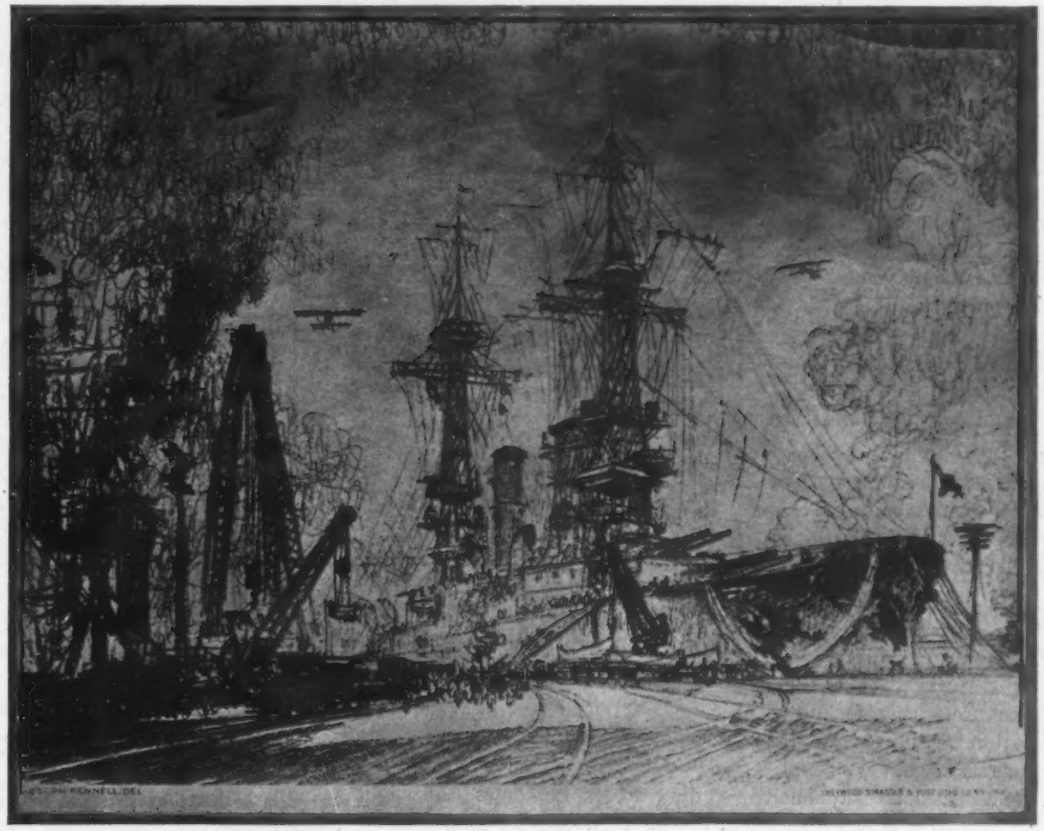
Clean Sportsmanship

America's determination that clean sportsmanship shall continue is one of the reasons for her entrance into the great war

IF one were to define the virtue that appeals most of all to the average man it would undoubtedly be clean sportsmanship. This is a trait that always enlists the sympathies of the bystanders. Those who watch a contest of any sort instinctively place the moral support of their best wishes behind the individual or team that is fairest in playing methods. It may be a foot-race or a yachting contest, clean sportsmanship fills the bill. Applying clean sportsmanship to life is a virtue that should appeal to all virile men and women. This is but another way of describing life that is lived sanely and with due respect to the rights and privileges of other people who may also be in the race for success in life.

The difference between the German conception of efficiency in existence and success in life and the American conception is speedily manifest when the law of clean sportsmanship is applied to the two great nations. Germany does not play fair; it is a bad sportsman, and the real American needs no further damning of Germany after that statement is made. He knows where Germany stands and he knows where he stands. For the man who loves the open, who loves the exhilarating sensation of racing through a stinging salty wind in his yacht, who loves the brown hills and the winding silver of rivers, who—above all things—loves wholesomeness and the American virtue of playing fair, there can be absolutely no extenuating circumstances for the nefarious and dishonorable manner in which Germany has sought to win this war, crippling her antagonists by every crooked means in her power. Such a personality as that manifested by the German idea of "kultur" deserves no pity whatsoever, and, in the interest of good sportsmanship, such an appallingly evil detriment to fairness between nations should be eradicated as speedily and completely as possible.

That is the object of America in this war. The old ideals of cleanness of action between nations, even in war, must prevail if civilization is to remain at the high plane it has attained and is to travel still further to undreamt-of heights. America's determination that clean sportsmanship shall continue is one way of explaining her entrance into the war. It is easy to see why her sympathies were preponderatingly with the allies before she definitely threw down her battle gage with theirs—they were playing fair, they were fighting like gentlemen. There was no other course for a fairminded spectator to take. Then came the uncalled-for horrors, the absolutely barbarous treatment of innocent neutral countries by Germany and, after that, the direct affronts, the insults, the murders on the high seas of America's own people. But one course remained—a stout defense of the ideals that America stands for.



YACHTSMEN, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO BUILD, OUTFIT AND MAINTAIN A MODERATE SIZED POWER CRUISER. THINK WHAT UNCLE SAM IS UP AGAINST IN BUILDING, OUTFITTING AND MAINTAINING A NAVY, AN AERIAL FLEET, AN ARMY? LEND HIM YOUR MONEY, INVEST IN THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN.

Loyally her sons came to the colors, thousands of men went into training and, today, American troops are under fire, bearing the brunt of fierce assaults from seasoned and especially picked German shock troops. By Chemin des Dames and above Toul, America has shown her spirit, a dauntlessness reinforced by 100 years of honor.

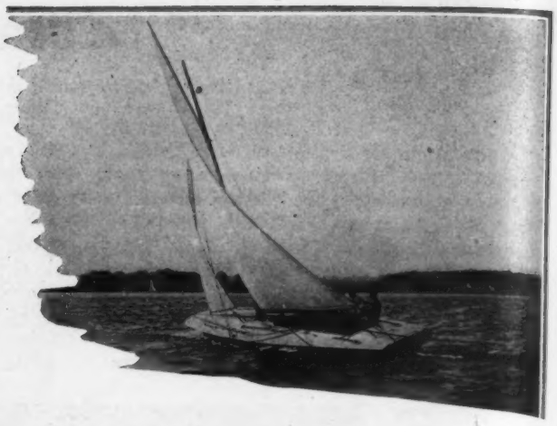
And those at home showed the same spirit during the First and Second Liberty Loans. They came forward with extreme enthusiasm and put those loans "over the top" in a remarkable manner. As a moral declaration of defiance to the perverted German conception of playing the game, those loans had more than a financial value. The Third Liberty Loan campaign is dated to begin April 6, and it is expected that America again will still further break the German morale in a tremendous manner by outdoing the success of the previous loans.

The third loan will be an opportunity for every man believing in clean sportsmanship to register his disapproval of the German methods. He will have a chance to exhibit his disgust in a peculiarly striking manner, and there is no doubt that all true sportsmen will take advantage of it.

THE navy needs spy glasses, binoculars —yours in the hands of a transport's lookout may be the means of spotting an enemy periscope before the periscope spots the transport. You know what that means—good-bye transport, and your son, or some one's son.

Send glasses to Branch Hydrographic Office, 78-80 Broad St., New York, or to Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

The Passing of the Skimming-Dish



A Once Popular Type of Fast Sailing Craft Which Furnished Many Exciting and Closely Contested Races On Our Inland Lakes

By CARLOS C. DRAKE

IN the present era of fast motor boats and hydro-planes, there is a waning interest in the racing sailboat. Though not entirely a sport of the past, sailing in the last few years has been greatly neglected. In the Great Lakes sailing was an exclusive sport; the Chicago and Detroit yacht clubs conducted annual regattas in which much enthusiasm was shown, but some motor boats which could speed across the water at a sixty miles an hour speed captured most of this enthusiasm and forced sailing into the shadow of the lime light.

This article covers only a certain class of sailing, the skimming-dish or side-walk, a light sea boat, yet holding some of the fastest sailing records in existence and an ideal racing craft for small inland lakes. Here we find a once popular racing craft preparing to take its departure from the world of sport.

I regard this departure with a feeling of regret. Experimentation has taught us that the true-hearted yachtsman gains less genuine pleasure from a gasolene propelled racing craft than he does from a racing sailboat. The soft hum of a stiff breeze through the rigging, the friendly slap of the waves foaming across the bows, the slight swish of the wake gliding out astern, the groan of the mast as it strains before a strong gust, all these familiar sounds are music to his ears. When roaring along behind pounding engines, with the scent of oil and grease tainting the air, he inwardly yearns for a wide pulsing deck, with the water seething high on the lee side, the stays twanging, the canvas bulging, and a clear wind whistling in the running rigging.

LIKE THE OLD SANDBAGGER THE SKIMMING-DISH HAS CONTRIBUTED ITS SHARE TO WIDEN THE POPULARITY OF YACHTING AND HAS DONE MUCH IN TEACHING THE ART OF HANDLING THE TILLER AND ASSISTED IN PUTTING THE SPORT OF AMATEUR SAILBOAT RACING ON THE CLEAN-CUT BASIS OF SPORT FOR THE SPORT'S SAKE. THE SKIMMING-DISH HAS HAD ITS DAY, BUT IT HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SMALL BOAT SAILING, AND WILL LONG LIVE IN THE MEMORY OF YACHTSMEN BECAUSE OF THE PLEASURES IT HAS AFFORDED TO SKIPPERS WHO TAKE KEEN DELIGHT IN HANDLING A QUICK AND RESPONSIVE BOAT.

The Skimming-dish affords all this, and more. As a racing boat it is unique. Two bilge boards, and twin rudders give sure guidance while a practically flat bottom makes for unusual stability. The usual length, over-all, is forty feet, with about a seven-foot beam and the class types are confined to sloop or cat rig; they carry no upper canvas.

Running before the wind with spinnaker set, these boats have attained an unusual rate of speed. One of them, of the first class, in a strong breeze, beat by some minutes the sailing record of the American cup defender, *Reliance*.

There are stories which can be told concerning these boats, of the old inland regattas and of the men who sailed in them, splendid fellows, earnest sailors, gentlemen; most of them are gone now, from club reports. But I shall content myself with the description of the boats and pictures of bygone races. There is a certain romance about this type of sailing which only those who have engaged in it are able to understand; but the sport is slowly dying out though before it goes we can at least show our appreciation for the pleasure which it has given to us, can smoke our pipes before the blazing hearth in our club living room; can recall old races old boats that sailed in those days before the coming of the motor speed-boat. Then we are at liberty to lean back in our chairs and discuss the latest gasolene engine.

THE ALL-AROUND GOOD SAILING QUALITIES OF THE SKIMMING-DISH MADE IT A POPULAR CRAFT FOR SMOOTH WATER SAILING, AND ITS WIDE BEAM, TWIN BILGE BOARDS AND RUDDERS PRODUCED AN UNIQUE CRAFT WITH BETTER STABILITY THAN MANY MODERN SHALLOW DRAFT BOATS

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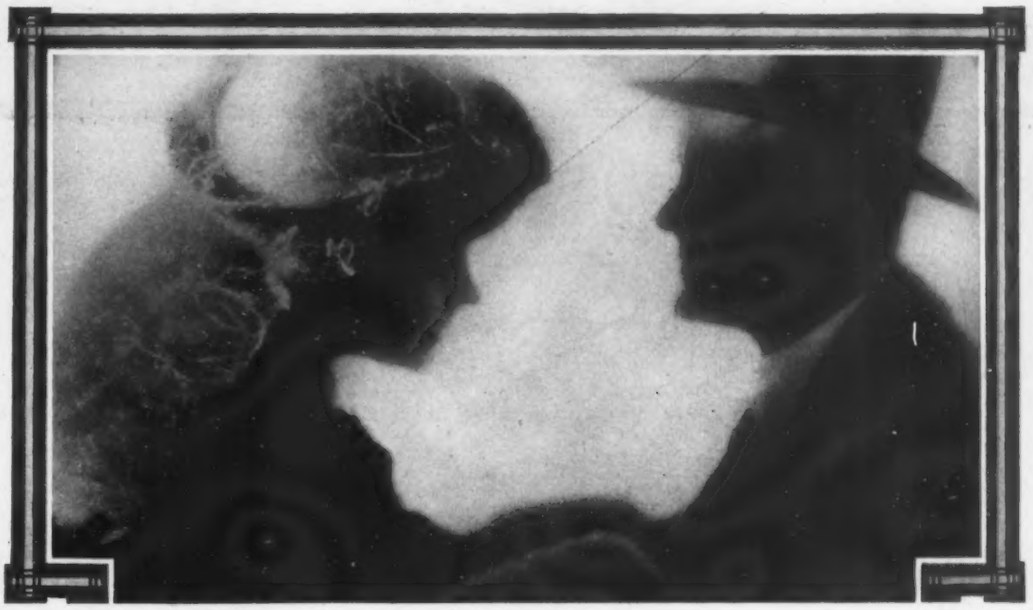

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Save laundry bills—save collar expense—have a clean collar always. Figure your average collar costs—the life of the average collar—the cost of frequent laundering. Then compare the result with

Challenge *Cleanable* Collars

Here is a collar with the same dull linen, stitched edge effect of a laundered collar—yet one that requires no laundering. A positively non-wilting, permanently white collar—water proof stiffened instead of starched, and instantly refreshed with a little soap and water.

Admirable for dancing and almost indispensable for motoring because of its rain, perspiration, oil and dust proof qualities.

Made in eighteen styles, half sizes. Sold by enterprising department and men's furnishing stores everywhere. Try them. Check the coupon. State your size and style—and send 25c for sample.

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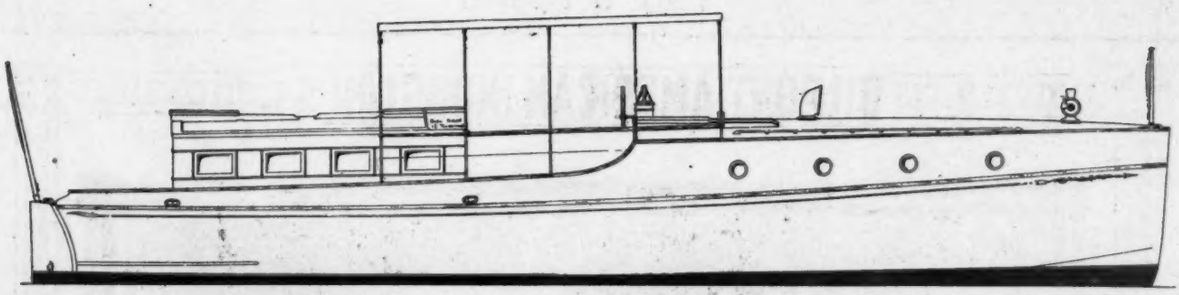
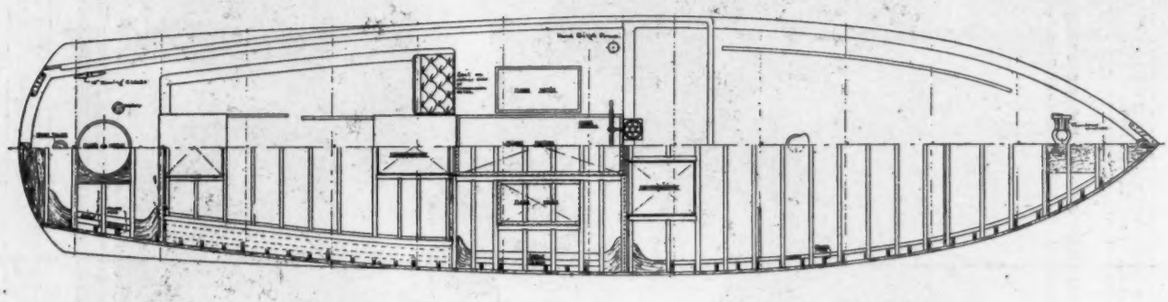




Chiliktah a 40-Ft. V-Bottom, Bridge Deck, Express Cruiser

A Type That Ever Grows More Popular

THE accompanying plans show a 40-ft. V-bottom, express cruiser recently completed by the Jahncke Ship Building Co. of New Orleans, La. for Mr. Walter F. Jahncke, of New Orleans, La., from designs by J. Murray Watts, N. A. of Philadelphia. The outboard appearance of this boat shows a good, sturdy type of cruiser with a raised deck forward, a bridge deck and steering position amidships, and a large, well ventilated cabin aft, followed by a small after deck under which is located a 100 gallon water tank. Access to this tank is had by means of a hatch in the after deck.

The arrangement plan shows the maximum of comfort and roominess obtainable on a 40-footer. In the eyes of the boat is located the chain locker followed by a toilet room equipped with the usual plumbing conveniences, and shelves for linen. A door leads from this toilet room into the main saloon on each side of which is a transom with lockers under. There is also a table in this room which, folding down, allows easy passage way. Abaft the main saloon is the galley with a companionway leading to the bridge deck. The galley is equipped with regulation sink, stove, shelves, ice box and hanging space. On the after bulkhead of the galley is the switchboard for the electric lights.

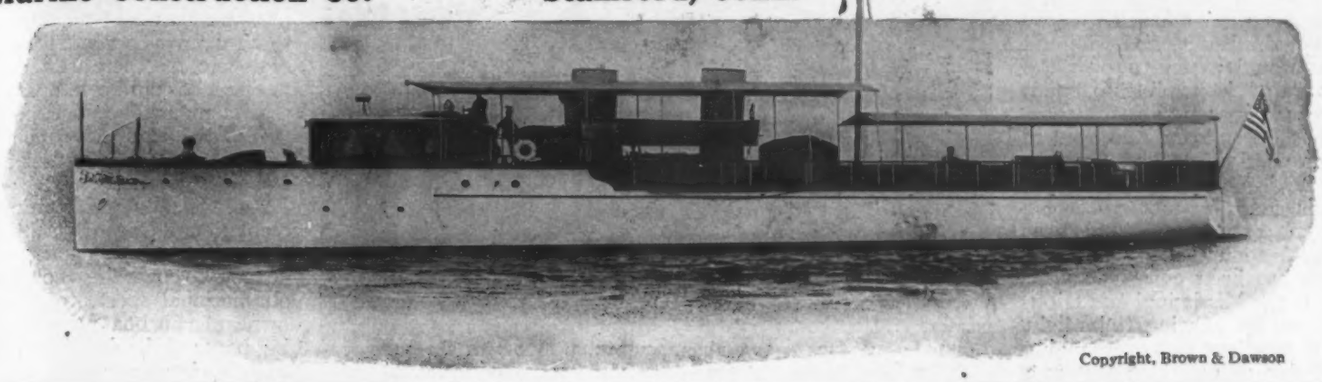
Directly under the bridge deck is a 6-cylinder, 5¾ in. by 7 in. Speedway motor, with direct connections to the steering controls and wheel on the bridge deck. From this bridge deck a companionway also leads down to the after cabin, which together with the forward companionway makes the bridge deck instantly accessible from below, both forward and aft. This after companionway leads down in a stateroom with transom and drawers on each side, a hanging space with hooks on the forward starboard end of the transom, and a small toilet room on the forward port end. In this case, the toilet is arranged under a small upholstered seat. A companionway leads from this room out on to the after deck, and under each one of the steps of this companion is located a drawer.

As this boat will be used around New Orleans, care has been taken to see that the boat is thoroughly well ventilated and light and airy. There are eight large portlights in the forward quarters, besides a cowl ventilator over the main saloon, and a forward companionway allowing plenty of air and light to these apartments. In the after house are eight large windows, in addition to two companionways, allowing these quarters a constant supply of light and air. A good size canvas awning faced with dark green protects the helmsman's position on the bridge deck.

IN speaking of the outlook for the boat business this coming season Captain Day of Thos. Fleming Day, Inc., said: "We are surprised at the brisk way in which the business is stepping off this year. We have sold and booked orders for a number of boats, four times as many as last season. There is a big demand for Seabright and Merrimac dories and yacht tenders of all shapes and sizes. It will be a small boat year. This is due to many men having sold or laid up their large craft, owing to the expense of running them."

Captain Day also predicts a return of the small sail boat and the sailing canoe as these are the most economical means of pleasure voyaging.

Built by **LUDERS**
Marine Construction Co. **Stamford, Conn.**
The last word in yacht design and building



Copyright, Brown & Dawson

Aurora, a 96-Footer, built by us for Mr. Stuart Wyeth.

A French Schoolgirl's Letter

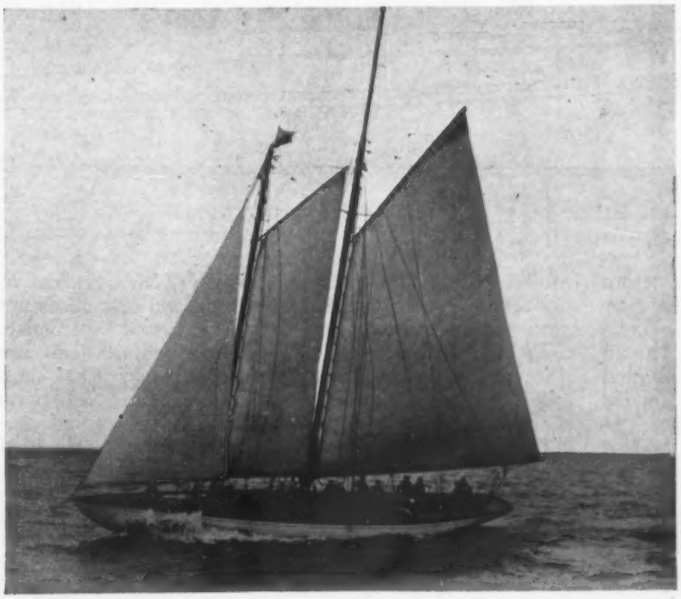
IT was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."

Fontinalis of Detroit

WITH unmistakable class evidenced in every graceful line, the auxiliary schooner Fontinalis is worthy to bear the name which identifies the Eastern brooktrout—the peerless *fontinalis*, so highly esteemed by anglers. Fontinalis of our picture, was designed by Mr. Geo. Owen, assistant professor of Naval Architecture at the Mass. Inst. of Technology, for Dr. C. G. Jennings of Detroit. She is 68 ft. overall, 45 ft. on the water-line, of 7 ft. 4 in. draft and displaces 6500 pounds. Hogden Brothers of East Boothbay built this natty yacht, which reflects the latest and best practice in wood-hull construction.

The power plant consists of a model FH 4-cylinder Sterling motor, which turns a 28-in. by 22-in. Columbian propeller 400 to 600 revolutions a minute. An interesting detail of its installation is found in a reduction-gear-box which enables Fontinalis when becalmed, to slip through the water at a 10-mile speed. Considering her length, beam and draft, this speed is a particularly good showing. Fontinalis is a type of sailing craft which is seaworthy in lake storms which blow up quickly, and require a hurried shortening of sail, and may be depended upon to drive well under canvas and proceed under power at a fair cruising speed.



FONTINALIS WAS DESIGNED BY PROF. GEO. OWEN FOR DR. C. G. JENNINGS OF DETROIT AND WAS BUILT BY HOGDEN BROS. SHE IS POWERED WITH A 4-CYLINDER STERLING MOTOR WHICH TURNS A COLUMBIAN PROPELLER 400 TO 600 REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE

A Grease Cup Pocket Wrench

ONE of the dirtiest and most annoying jobs about keeping the motor in shape is the daily turning of grease cups. Greasy fingers and sometimes soiled cuffs and coat sleeves result, but it is a job that no one dares neglect.

A tool which eliminates this annoyance has been placed on the market by the Prismolite Company of Columbus, Ohio. It is called the Universal Grease Cup Wrench. It is a great convenience in saving time, labor and temper. The Universal fits all sizes and types of automobile and truck grease cups without adjusting and may be used for various other things about the car, such as turning hot or greasy primer cocks, pet cocks and drain cocks. It is especially convenient for reaching grease cups and cocks placed in unhandy, out-of-the-way places.

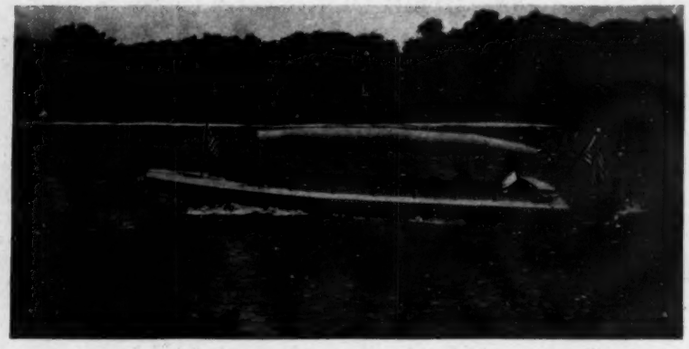
With the Universal Grease Cup Wrench, turning grease cups loses its drudgery and the owner is tempted to turn the cups more often than he would under the old method. The wrench sells for 50 cents.

A Special Boat to Fill a Particular Need

THE pleasures that come through yachting cannot be adequately measured by figuring the recreation afforded by the sport in proportion to the cost of the boat. A fine boat has, of course, a great attraction for all who are fond of the water, and while all of us would prefer to own the best craft it is possible to build, there is no reason why the sport cannot be as keenly enjoyed in an inexpensive boat quite as well. Dr. W. S. Phelps of Monmouth, Ill., is fond of motor-yachting and the photograph of his boat pictures an unusual little craft which has been constructed for use on the Mississippi and tributary waters. Owing to its light draft, flat floor and overhanging bow, this unique runabout is a particularly handy boat for making landings and for knocking about in shallow reaches of streams.

In a recently received communication the Doctor expresses the view which we have often emphasized in the pages of YACHTING that boating is a sport that can be enjoyed by all in a small inexpensive boat as well as in the most expensive one. As he well puts it: "It is a pleasure to read and plan boats that run up in cost into thousands of dollars, but there are a hundred to one who could own boats with a good engine like mine, powered with a Gray engine, who could not own a big express cruiser and a fast hydroplane."

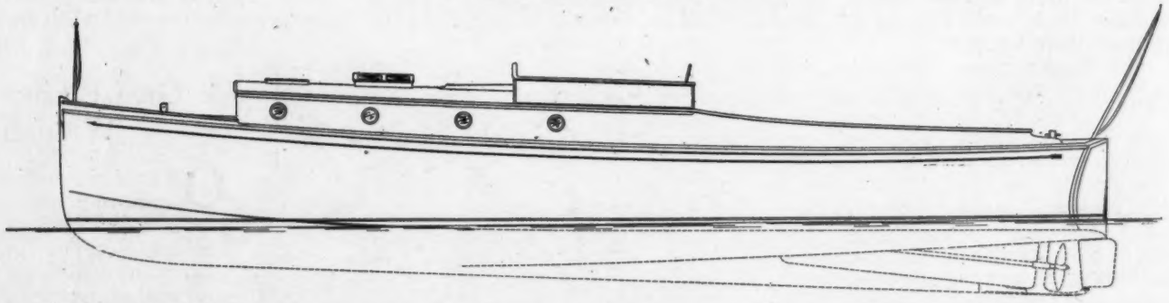
And this angle of viewing the recreational side of yachting is the correct one. YACHTING endeavors to cover the whole field of our national sport, to give the owner of a big boat many interesting pages of reading, but include with each issue much that is of especial interest to the owner of the small boat as well.



OF UNUSUAL LINES IS THIS RUNABOUT OWNED BY DR. W. S. PHELPS OF MONMOUTH, ILL. POWERED WITH A 4-CYLINDER MODEL D 4-CYCLE GRAY MOTOR OF 20 H. P. THE CRAFT SHOWS A SPEED OF 12 MILES AN HOUR

Viva

A Hand-V-Bottom 40-Footer

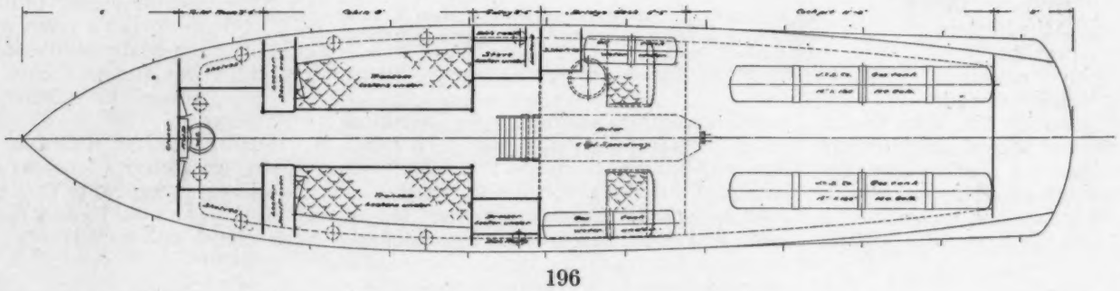


VIVA is the latest Hand-V-bottom boat to be built for Mr. A. Gardner Cooper of New York, and is a very successful boat of the Countess type. She is an all mahogany double planked craft, designed and built by William H. Hand, Jr., in his shops at New Bedford, Mass., and delivered in June.

Viva was used last summer on the Sound her sailing port being Greenwich, Conn., although she frequently was seen about Shelter Island. While in general lines very similar to her famous sister Countess, Mr. Cooper's boat has more beam, more bulk, more room inside, and less power, and therefore, less speed, although she is far from slow, and will step well over twenty-two miles with her six-cylinder 6 in. by 6 in. Van Blerck Motor. She is an unusually well built and well finished boat and a great success in every way.

The arrangement provides good day cruiser accommodations. Under the trunk cabin is a good galley aft, a well planned cabin with roomy toilet forward and all necessary lockers, shelves and other conveniences. The motor is under a bridge deck amidships with a long, and really leak-proof, flush hatch over. On the bridge are two comfortable seats for four, and all controls, including an electric motor starting switch, are led to wheel on starboard side. Aft there is a big roomy self-bailing cockpit for chains.

The dimensions are: length 40 ft., beam 8 ft. 6 in., draft 2 ft. 11 in.



Off the Course in a Blow

(Concluded from page 168)

the lookout shouted "Land on the starboard bow!" What a grateful welcome sound! At sea it makes a lot of difference when that shout comes, as to whether you do or do not want to hear it.

I held my course until I recognized the outlying Cay to seaward of Hog Island; then ran south before the gale to make the harbor entrance. By now I learned that Cusa had been in this harbor before, and this greatly relieved me.

All hands were on deck. The sun shone out, and while the sea had not abated, we began to feel happy and comfortable and safe, as the schooner rushed along the broken coast. We could see the white festoons shot high into the air by the hidden rocks close along shore.

Nassau Harbor is a land-locked lagoon lying back of Hog Island. The entrance is very narrow, and considered more dangerous than I had supposed. Outside the lighthouse flew a red flag as a warning to all vessels.

As we came abeam of the tower, we stood straight in over the bar with the surf breaking a hundred yards away on either hand. Cusa was at the wheel, and I stood by his side. The others were forward to ease and jibe the foresail at the moment we cleared the bar.

And now my heart leaped into my throat. Cusa was climbing up, up, above the wheel, until only his finger tips held it,—like a panther trying to see beyond. I saw by his whole expression of face and body that he was not certain of his position. Grasping the wheel I commanded, "Stand! Stand up on the house! Look and see! I will hold her; you tell me!" He understood little English, but he got that, and sprang on to the wheel house. Then ahead I saw a tossing spar buoy, and held her so close to it that we nearly ran it down.

Now we have cleared the bar! The waves have ceased! The waters are of a beautiful emerald green! Schooners are at anchor! A pilot boat approaches, just as we let our anchor go.

What joy! What peace! What thankfulness! We ride as calmly in the magic lagoon as though no wind ever bred a sea. Pagan that I am, how well I understand that strong impulse which brings brave men to their knees in grateful thankfulness for an avoided danger.

Nassau! What a wonderful, beautiful little city, and what charming people we met. I have been here now five days, and the gale has abated, and I must be gone with my cargo to Baracoa, Cuba. The American Consul, I find, is an old schoolmate of Lawrenceville, New Jersey. All the people are charming and hospitable, and we are resolved to again make Nassau, New Providence Island, the Bahamas, when we can bask in its beautiful sunshine to our hearts' content.

A Quartermaster for Two Weeks

(Continued from page 181)

learned to keep a clean newspaper on the floor to walk on after the shoes are taken off, for the floor got pretty black with the coal. I learned the trick of winding a sock around your neck inside the coat collar, while loading, to keep the coal dust out. I learned the best way wash out our clothes by boiling them on the galley stove in gold dust, at night when we had the ship to ourselves. And the clothes sure needed it. The towel reminded you of the one that Mark Twain described in the printing office, which was never considered soiled until it would stand alone. I learned that we must not mind a cockroach or two, as they are useful in catching other bugs which are apt to be more disturbing to a night's sleep. Fortunately we had none, thanks to Al's foresight and a liberal use of kerosene. We had a cockroach in our room which seemed to have a regular beat and was quite tame and sociable. We named him Willy, after the Kaiser. (No disrespect intended to the bug.) I learned economy in using water, for we had to carry it from the wash room aft, and that meant something in bad weather, especially if you got all ready to wash before noticing that there was no water in the room. I noticed that Al. would leave the wash water in the bowl. I said nothing, but let it out. This, it seems, was all wrong on my part. It was part of the system. The next man could use that water to wash his hands. He could use clean water to wash his face if he was fussy. I decided that system is a fine thing, but it is possible to overdo it.

I also learned why I had been allowed to use the upper bunk. I liked it until we reached port. Then I began to find water dripping from the ceiling. I inquired into the cause and Al. said calmly, "Oh that is the condensation from the steel plates; they always do that." These plates which form the ceiling over the bunk, are covered with small projections, as in all steel ships. Each of these projections carries a drop of water which drops upon you at most inopportune times and spots. If that were all it would not be worth mentioning. But the first drop is soon replaced by another, and they fall with beautiful regularity and precision, the eye or nose being a favorite point of attack. If our gunners show as much persistency and accuracy I predict that we shall win the war. I asked Al. if there was any remedy for it. He said the only thing was a box of salt. He produced a cigar box half full. This was supposed to absorb the moisture from the air and allay the excessive humidity of the atmosphere, thereby arresting the condensation. But evidently there was a cog loose in the system somewhere or the salt had lost its savor or something, for the dripping continued until we put to sea again. I had difficulty in finding a dry spot on my pillow large enough to lay my head. And so my education was continued from day to day,

(Continued on page 204)

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A steel rod will catch just as many fish as the most expensive rod you might purchase. Besides there's no worry about breaking and no bother about packing. You can chuck it around almost any old way.

You can get such a rod for only $2.50—a big saving—with twelve months of ALL OUTDOORS besides. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.

The Coupon Tells "How."

The rod is the famous V-D and a dandy too. The length is 8 ft. It has three joints and a butt. Enameled in black. Cork Handle. Reel seat above the hand with reel lock. Fittings heavily nickeled on brass. Mounted with German silver three-ring offset. Put up in partitioned cloth bag. **(See the coupon.)**

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145 West 36th St., New York:

Send me prepaid the V-D steel fishing rod and twelve months of ALL OUTDOORS. I enclose $2.50 with the understanding if everything is not satisfactory I may return the rod and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Post Office .....

Street ..... State .....

(Continued from page 203)

and I suppose I hardly commenced to delve into the storehouse of useful information that Al. possessed.

On Thursday at 3.20 we left the dock for the return trip, after four days, owing to the shortage of coal. If it had been ready to deliver we might have loaded and put to sea again in four or five hours. As we steamed out of the dock we passed close to the Norwegian ship Batjan, frozen in the ice. The sailors had cleared the snow away and were enjoying fine skating alongside the ship. They had rigged up a canvas shelter on the ice with a Christmas tree planted on each side and probably did not care if they stayed there all winter. So we started bravely down the bay. But about all we did was to start. Every foot of the way had to be forced through the ice, which became heavier as we proceeded at a snail's pace; full speed ahead until stopped by the ice, then full speed astern to get headway, and punch into it again. In three days we had made about 35 miles, at times having men over the side on the ice with axes and steam hose to free her. Finally she stuck and could not be coaxed out again.

After being frozen in all night the ice breaker F. C. Latrobe was sighted coming down the bay in the morning. This was a welcome sight, for we were all anxious to be on our way. And as for the owners, they were running around in circles and frothing at the mouth. The ship was losing $1200.00 to $2000.00 a day, and they had sent a special representative to Baltimore to stir things up.

The ice breaker freed us and we went on, but still had to break through heavy ice for two more days. When in the room below the sound produced by the ship crushing through the ice was similar to heavy thunder mingled with sharp noises like hail and rain as the ice ground along the sides. In the pilot house the effect is quite different. It is so much farther away that the sound is not so loud. As the ship starts to plow into it the effect is just as if a heavy breeze suddenly sprang up. The sound is similar and the ship shakes as if from a strong wind. When stopping in the ice sometimes she will simply slow down gradually until the momentum is lost. At other times she will bring up against the heavy ice with a distinct shock, trembling all over. This is more noticeable below than above decks. Passing the Potomac River we encountered large ice floes from the river.

Finally we were clear of the ice and left the beautiful South land behind us. Immediately the thermometer shot up 25 degrees. In passing out of the Bay to the open sea there were no patrol boats visible, so we waited for a battleship which was headed out, and we followed her out. The captain felt sure he was safe in doing so. If there had been any changes in nets, buoys, etc., they would have all the latest dope aboard the battleship. There had been notices issued of three targets adrift in the bay, but we did not notice them. At least I did not.

Once at sea we ran into fog, then heavy weather. As I stood at the wheel at night I saw what I took to be a light on our starboard beam, level with the pilot house window. But it was only the phosphorescence on the spray at that height. We had this sort of stuff all the way up to Nantucket Shoals Light Ship, and beyond. The mate called the boatswain and told him to get canvas covers on everything and make them tight, because he said "When we get off the shoals we are going to get what is coming to us." And he was pretty near right. After passing the light ship the 2nd mate gave me a card to take to the chief engineer "before it gets any worse." It had the latitude and longitude. I copied them, and later laid out the position on my chart. It was Lat. 40–56′ N., Long. 69-14′ W. and brought us 26 miles N. E. by E. of the lightship.

It was some trick to go aft now, for the decks were rolling under and were flooded all the time. It was necessary to watch your chance and run along on a raised running board at the inner side of the deck, then climb around the back of the steam winches, if you did not want to get soaked.

I now added another accomplishment to those I already had. I learned to dress while standing on a camp stool. I had to, for the water was not content to stay on deck, but came into the passage ways and then into our room, and a flood would surge back and forth with every roll of the ship across the floor. Once in, it would not get out, for the bottom of the door was about ten inches from the floor. So I would hold on with one hand and dress with the other, between rolls.

When we left the Capes the course given was N. 57 E. This was the first course that had been given to us in degrees, and I knew that it meant they expected some pretty close steering, which is difficult in a heavy sea. The distance on this run was some 350 miles, and the mate explained to me that two degrees off the course would throw us off 15 or 20 miles at the other end. So I did the best I could with it, and I do not think we came so far off. However we made too much to the west, and during my watch, just as I was about to get my coffee the first mate called me aft to help on the log. I read it 27 fathoms. If we had been on the intended course toward the light ship it should have read around 40; for we were not going back over the shoals, but around outside of the light ship. So he called the Old Man and after looking the situation over the captain gave me a new course,—S. S. E. When I heard this I knew what had happened; that we were running close to the land or the shoals. This is exactly what the course shows as laid out on the

chart. The new course would take us out to sea again and around south of the light ship. The officers said the Captain is one of the best on the coast and never makes mistakes, so he must have had some object in giving this course, but no one knew what. After an hour or two he changed the course to E. by S. then northerly and I knew we had passed the light ship and were really on the home stretch toward old Cape Cod.

About 2 a. m. we passed Chatham and at 5 a. m., Boston Light Ship. And it certainly looks good on the return trip. As we came toward the Cape the 2nd mate said to me "The sea is calming down now." "Is it?" I said. He answered "Yes, it is like a mill pond now." The next morning, when at anchor in Boston Harbor, I was cleaning the salt stains from the brass work of the binnacle and compass caused by the water that came through the pilot house window from the "mill pond."

At 3.30 the tugs came alongside, I unlocked the pilot house and took the wheel, we got up the hook and proceeded to dock. I happened to be on watch while docking at both ends of the trip. As I had business to attend to ashore, and knew the ship might leave in a few hours, I gave the required 12 hours' notice to the mate that I wished to get through, when I turned the wheel over to the other Q. M. at 6 a. m. However, when 6 p. m. arrived Al. was ashore and I could not leave the ship without a Q. M. so I stayed all night. I tried to get some sleep but I might as well sleep in a boiler factory; for they commenced to discharge the cargo. First there is a tremendous clank of chains followed by the shriek of a lost soul, then a dying groan followed by a sound as if half the load had dropped out on the deck directly over your head. Silence for a minute and then the same performance all over again. If I slept at all I do not recall it.

The next morning I got my pass and through the guard and really was started for home. And believe me, I never really appreciated a bath and good bed and cooking before. The trip was a little hard for a new man, but good experience and I was glad I took it.

As I looked around the room that had been my home for two weeks, (it seemed like months) I was reminded of Kipling's lines in the *Galley Slave*:

> But today I leave the galley, and another takes my place;
> There's my name upon the deck-beam,—let it stand a little space.
> I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to open main,
> Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.

Inspired by the verse I climbed up on the bunk and inscribed my name with the date on the deck-beam; the one that had shed its icy tears on me. I do not know how long it will remain, but I like to think of it there. It seems like a tie to the old ship.

Port Washington Y. C.

(Concluded from page 134)

Wilf. Pond, Sporting Editor of The *Spur*, is fleet captain of the canoes and has become very expert in the manipulation of this sort of craft with sail. The rapid growth of Port Washington and the apparent desire of the new residents to join the organization bearing the name of our village, made it necessary to enlarge our Club house. which was done in early 1917, so that to-day, we feel safe in saying that we have one of the most complete Club houses in existence.

Not a branch of the yachting and field contingents has been forgotten. Showers, drinking fountains, convenient telephones, sixty bath-houses, locker rooms, spacious auditorium, ladies' room, dining-room, reading and lounging-room, and pool and billiard rooms for men folks, extremely large verandas overlooking the bay, and in fact, every convenience one could conjure or dream of.

Going back to the time of organization, the first Commodore was Harry B. Ranken, and in order came, Carlton M. Prankard, Walter F. Blaisdell, Byron C. Gould, Walter F. Blaisdell, again, and at present we have with us, Commodore Arthur T. Vance, who is to serve again, in 1918.

The Port Washington Yacht Club belongs to the American Power Boat Association, and to the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association. During last season in consequence of the calling off of nearly all of the racing on Long Island Sound, our Club held Saturday and Sunday Series races for the Star Class, and maintained great interest on local waters.

The Sunday Series were open to entries from other clubs, and the Bayside boys were frequent visitors. The Saturday Series was captured by the Hydra, while the Altair carried off the honors in the Sunday Series.

The several committee men of the Club, take great pride in their work, and many are the scenes of gayety, the year round.

Dances and all entertainments are largely attended. It matters not what sort of an entertainment is arranged, there are no flivvers.

The ladies of the Club, recently pulled off an afternoon affair for the benefit of the Red Cross and more than $400 was realized.

The Club recently ran a stag smoker for the entertainment of the local Home Guards, and had as their principal speaker Sergeant Guy Empy, author of "Over the Top." Many of the old organizers are still in harness, working for the Club's success, while the infusion of new blood has also been called to duty and are responding magnificently.

A number of our members and sons of members have answered the call to colors and in this distinction we flatter ourselves having sent a great per capita, most all of which enlisted in the different branches of service including militia, navy and aviation.

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